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The EASTER WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE of the SALVATION ARMY in CANADA EAST and NEWFOUNDLAND



BRAMWELL BOOTH
GENERAL

WILLIAM MAXWELL
LIEUT. COMMISSIONER

THE FIRST EASTER MORNING



THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
The Salvation Army
IN CANADA EAST AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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MARY IN THE GARDEN

(See Frontispiece)

"When Mary through the garden
went,

She sought within the garden
ground,

One for whom her heart was rent,
One who for her sake was bound,
One who sought—and she was
found!"

JESUS had said: "Let not your
heart be troubled." But Mary's
heart was deeply troubled; tears
blinded her eyes; the world was
black for her.

Lilies bloomed in the garden, but
she did not notice their beauty or
fragrance; birds sang overhead on
that wonderful Easter morning, but
their songs did not thrill her. Her
face was towards the darkness of the
tomb. The Light of the World was
close behind her, but she knew it not.

Mary stood outside the sepulchre,
weeping. It seemed no use to move;
nothing would be any use again.
Christ, the sinners' Friend, was dead,
and His very body had been taken
away.

Yet, after awhile, moved by a sud-
den impulse, she stooped down to look
again into the darkness of that empty
tomb; though Peter had been right
in and found the linen clothes out
of which the beloved body had passed.

Then she saw two angels, sitting
where the head and feet of the
Master had rested, and they asked
her why she was weeping, knowing
that there was "nothing for tears."
Explaining the cause of her new out-
burst of grief—because His precious
form had been removed, she knew not
where Mary turned herself back.
Wondered as it was to see and talk
with angels, a greater than they had
drawn near, and she needs must turn.

Her tear-blinded eyes hardly saw
Him, and perhaps because she sobbed
so she did not recognize the
Voice repeating the angels' question:
"Why weepest thou?" Supposing
Him to be the gardener, she made her
own pitiable appeal: "Tell me where
thou hast laid Him."

Jesus simply spoke her name, and
then Mary's eyes opened wide, and
she saw, and knew, and believed, and
the old tender, worshipping child
broke from her in a cry of rapture:
"Master!"

Now the sunshine was golden; the
lilies breathed exquisite perfume;
the songs of the birds echoed thrillingly
in her heart. Death had not robbed
her. Jesus had broken its bondage;
destroyed its terror.

He was alive! For evermore, to give
to her, and to us all, His own un-
changeable life; He had come, lived,
died, and risen, that we might have
life and have it more abundantly.

This matchlessly lovely story has
an ever-new lesson.

It was by turning her back on the

The Outstretched Hands

By Brigadier James Turner, L.H.Q.

(May be sung to tune: "The Lord's a beautiful Land on High")



Have you thought of those Outstretched Hands,
Of the Love that still pleading stands?
In those wound-prints you'll see
There is mercy for thee.
While His Hands are outstretched to you.

Chorus:

His Dear Hands are outstretched to you.
Those Hands with the nails pierced through.
On the Cross where He died.
See His Arms open wide,
And His Hands are outstretched to you.

Those Dear Hands gave the blind their sight,
And they're reaching to you to-night.
They are beckoning "Come."
In His Heart still there's room,
While His Hands are outstretched to you.

Those Dear Hands little children blessed,
As round Him they closely pressed,
Will you come as they came,
And trust in His Name,
While His Hands are outstretched to you?

Those Dear Hands opened Heaven's Gate,
Press through now, ere it be too late.
Christ has done all He can
To save every man,
And His Hands are outstretched to you.



place of death that Mary saw Him
who had brought life and immortality
to light. She had lifted her face to
the Sun of Righteousness and the
shadows fell behind her, for God, who
communicated the light to shine out
of darkness, had shone in her heart,
to give the light of the knowledge of
the glory of God in the face of Jesus
Christ.

Mary was thus ready for anything,
and when He bade her "go . . . and
say . . ." she went on foot, made
swift and beautiful by love, and en-
tered His transforming presence to
those in sorrow and despair.

He was going away; she—and we
—must therefore carry on His busi-
ness, and do even "greater works"—
they are His own words—because He
went to the Father.

That, surely, is the message of
Easter for us.

On the Rock of Ages

A dying lady was visited by her
minister. He said to her, "Sister, are
you sinking?" This was his answer:
"Did you ever know a sinner to sink
through a rock? If I had been stand-
ing on the sand, I might sink; but,
thank God, I am on the Rock of Ages,
and there is no sinking there."

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

"THE LORD is risen!" "He is
indeed." With these words
the Christians of the ancient
church saluted each other at the
dawn of the Easter morning. And
to-day we sing:

"Christ, the Lord, is risen again,
Free from all sin we are again;
Let us all rejoice in this:
Christ our true and comfort is."
Hallelujah!

The Scriptures speak of the rising
from the dead—being Jesus' con-
fession. For He had done His life.
He might take it again—his con-
fession. He had received for
His Father (John 10:17-18). If He
is the Prince of life, He is bound to
prove Himself such by His victory
over death. The raising of Jesus by
the Father is the security for the
resurrection, the rising of Jesus is
proof of our resurrection. Jesus will
not be to us the beginning of God's
new world of men, which is intended
to be free from and victorious over
death, if He were not the risen Lord.
All our assurance, therefore, rests
upon His rising. If Christ be re-
surrected, our faith is vain and empty
in our sins. "Then they also will
have fallen asleep in Christ but
perished"; for their hope and ours
would be alike a dream. "But we
are Christ-risen."

Therefore, the rising of Jesus Christ
is the foundation of the Christian
Church. The wonderful structure of
the Church of Christ on earth is
erected upon His empty tomb. If
that church it is said that the gate
of Hell—that is, the powers of death
—shall not prevail against it; and
corruption and bondage from a
portals. Death has no longer its
power over the church.

Nor shall death have any more
even over us. True, we die. But
the power of His resurrection we
have again to a lively hope. For
it is our souls that must be re-
born; then, our bodies will be re-
born. As the tomb of Jesus is
empty, so shall our tombs likely
one day be empty; and we shall
forth from them to the resurrection
of life. To be sure, we must not
through the process of corruption
for our sinful body must turn to dust.
But from this earthly death it
grow verdant, and bloom again, as
an ever-living garment, into an im-
perishable and unfading life upon
new earth. Jesus, the risen and
glorified, is the beginning of the
new world of God for which we are
waiting.

The Great Deliverer

If you lay imprisoned in a
great fortress, and one who loved
went forth to try to rescue you, and
fell and died fighting, you would
cherish the memory of your friend's
valiant effort on your behalf, but you
would still remain in chains.
delivered. So would it have been
with those who thought came to
life. He had not risen; those for
He gave His life would have been
undelivered. But Christ has re-
quired death and holds in His hands
the keys of the grave.

A New Beginning

A little boy, knowing the sun had
dashed to his grandfather's grave,
put his hand on her shoulder and
said, "Grandfather, don't be afraid."
Grandmother, the boy's mother,
said, "The boy is right, and some-
times disciples must be like children."
of the resurrection. When they
learned that Jesus had risen from the
tomb, their lives had dissolved,
and their dream had been shattered.
Then they heard the glad news.
Then the world had begun again.
Does it mean and less to you all
me?

There is an old saying of Saint
Rutherford: "Give God's love the
power more than you believe in."
own feelings and experiences. The
Rock is Christ, and it is not the
which ebbs and flows, but your soul

"ALIVE FOR EVERMORE"

"I am He that liveth, and was dead;
and, behold, I am alive for evermore,"

Revelation 1. 18.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."

John xiv. 19.

"SOME DAY," said Mr. Moody,
"you will read in the papers
that D. L. Moody is dead. Don't you
believe a word of it. At that moment
I shall be more alive than I am now.
That which is born of the Spirit will
live for ever."

Sam Crawford used to tell how
when his Africans were on the march
and night was coming on, they would
lie down to sleep. But before drop-
ping off to sleep there would pass
from group to group about the fires
the watchword "Latunda" (Morning
Star). It was a laconic agreement
to be up and ready to move when the
morning star appeared. To Mr.
Crawford it was ever a parable for
those who lay down in their last
sleep with heart and mind fixed on
Him who is the bright and morning
Star, and Who will awaken the sleep-
ing to resurrection life and glory.

Resurrection Life & Hope

BY COMMISSIONER S. L. BRENGLE

HE was dying or dead in the ancient world when Jesus came. The gods of the Chinese were discredited and they were worshipping their forefathers.

The three hundred million gods of the Hindus had failed them, and they were vainly longing for personal extinction and absorption in Nirvana. The Egyptians had sunk to the worship of life and power and nice, cock-sneezes, crocodiles and cows. The followers of Zoroaster were a bit more noble, for they worshipped the sun. Little Athens, the centre of the intellectual world, had altars to thirty thousand gods, and lest one should be overlooked they erected an altar to the "Unknown God," which gave Paul his text when he visited the city. (Acts 17:23.)

Deified Their Emperors

The Romans had wondrous temples to all manner of gods, but they had finally deified their emperors and worshipped them as gods, but often in their wrath they rose up and slew them because of their oppressions and brutalities. The more intellectual Greeks and Romans were trying to save themselves at the painted fires of philosophy. The Stoics, who included many noble spirits, hardened and braced themselves to bear the ills of life with fortitude and, so far as they could, to maintain personal uprightness and purity.

The Epicureans said, "To-morrow we die. Let us live to-day, and enjoy ourselves. Let us eat, drink and be merry." And they gave themselves over to the pride of life and the lusts of the flesh. Rome was a worse centre of divorce than Reno, Nevada, and Roman matrimony measured life not by years, but by the number of their divorces and remarriages. A score or more was not unusual. Society, with rare exceptions, became utterly corrupt. Paul describes it in the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans. And he found a sample of this corruption in the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were engulfed suddenly in a flood of lava and a tempest of ashes from flaming, erupting Vesuvius.

For centuries the buried cities lay hidden under their awful shroud, and then excavators cleared away the ash and lava, and let such pictures of vice, of licentiousness and shame were uncovered, as women and children have not been permitted to look upon. They had known God, Paul tells us, but even as they did not know Him, they did not know how to retain God in their knowledge, and gave the glory to a reprobate mind (a mind void of judgment) to do those things which are not commendable; being filled with all unrighteousness, wickedness, covetousness, malice, full of envy, murder, debate, evil, malignity; hateful, proud, angry, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, unapproachable, without fear. They changed the truth of God into a lie, and served the creature more than the Creator. And for this cause God gave them up to various afflictions."

Forms and Ceremonies

Among the Jews, with but few notable exceptions, religion had fallen from the lofty spirituality and passionate, pulsing vitality and devotion of the prophets, to mere forms and ceremonies, washing of hands, saying of prayers and giving thanks, to be seen of men, with no love

and pity and yearning for holiness in it.

The resistless legions of Rome had imposed law and order upon the nations, so that outward peace reigned, but the souls of men were perishing of spiritual famine and society was being slowly swallowed up by the hungry, remorseless quicksands of moral corruption.

Spiritual Bankruptcy

Man's natural depravity, and his moral nakedness, and spiritual insufficiency and bankruptcy were fully revealed. God must save, or man must perish. But God was not indifferent. He "so loved that He gave His only begotten Son," and in Him



He gave Himself.

It was "the fullness of time." Man had done his best, and rather, his worst, and his past spiritual failure was everywhere seen. He was created to be lord of the earth, and lo! he sunk in his sin and shame lower than beasts. No wonder he looked up from the weltering pit of his corruptions, and worshipped lice and lizards, crocodiles and cows. They were cleaner, sweeter, than he. They had not sinned. It was into this kind of a lost and hopeless world that Jesus came. He brought light into spiritual darkness. He brought peace to its restless, troubled heart. He brought life into its vast chambers of spiritual death. His miracles amazed all men and aroused great expectations, but His teachings confounded and enraged them. So they slew Him. And those who had looked to Him for deliverance, and hoped that He would end the long travail of man, sank into hopeless despair. But Easter morning dawned, and lo! His grave was empty. He was risen.

The Son of God

The Father had declared Him "to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of Holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." (Rom. 1:4.)

And now out of the cold, bare bosom of death, hope sprang up and came back to the hopeless, ancient world. Listen to Peter, singing his Psalm of hope: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively (living) hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away

... wherein ye greatly rejoice." (1 Peter 1:3-6.)

He revealed the reconciling, redeeming love of God in His death. The murderous, blind hate of man could kill Him, but not the love He brought from the Father; that was deathless.

But He revealed the power of God unto uttermost, eternal Salvation, by His resurrection. "Because I live, ye shall live also," He had said. And when they found Him alive from the dead, heard the music of His voice once more, looked into His eyes of love and all-pitying comprehension, beheld His wounds and felt His touch, they knew they, too, would live again and that He would not be in Heaven and leave them to understand His words to weeping Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

They now comprehended the deep meaning of His words, "I am the way, the truth and the life."

And then, one day, when He lifted His hands and blessed them and vanished from their sight, hope still comforted and thrilled them. They waited patiently for the fulfilment of His promise of another Comforter, and He did not disappoint them.

The Holy Ghost fell upon them, and lo! they found Christ revealed within them. He had come to them, manifested Himself in the spirit to them and in them, and now they understood "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to His saints; to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery, which is Christ in you, the hope of Glory." (Col. 1:26-27.)

Henceforth God was to them "The God of hope." (Rom. 15:13.) And henceforth they were "filled with all joy and peace in believing, and abundantly in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." Christ was not to them merely a beautiful memory; He was a living, saving, comforting presence.

During these twenty centuries since the sorrowing women found the empty grave of Jesus, and He appeared to men, the hope kindled by His resurrection has been dimmed, but it has never gone out. It has been smitten, but it has not perished from the earth, and it never will. Because He lives, hope cannot die. Some who profess faith in Him may fall. Leaders and teachers to whom we have looked and listened may prove recreant. The armies of the

Lord may here and there retreat before the mocking foe. Civilizations may decay, empires may totter and fall; governments may crumble before revolutionary uprisings and assaults; subtle unbelief and denial may clothe themselves in the garb of priest and prophet and usurp pulpit and platform and commandeer the press and flood the world with moral teachings which miss the secret of spiritual life and power, but this hope, kindled in the despairing hearts of men by His resurrection, shall not be lost. "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder."

Our poor shoulders would be crushed, but not His, Hallelujah! "And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of His government and peace there shall be no end." (Isa. 9:6-7.) Therefore, O my comrades, O my soul, be not cast down, but "hope in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

He Shall Triumph

The heathen may rage, and the people imagine a vain thing. The kings of the earth may set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His anointed. But He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. He will give the heathen to Jesus for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. Let us be wise, and instructed. Let us serve the Lord with reverence and rejoice with trembling. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." (Psalm 2:1-2.) Hallelujah!

He has gone to prepare a place for us, and some day He will come again and receive us unto Himself that we may be with Him. Let us wait and pray and be diligent and steadfast to "hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end." (Heb. 3:6.)

The Evidence of the Empty Tomb

"If ye seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

Luke xxiv. 5. 6.

A MISSIONARY, having preached in a village in North India, was accosted by a Mohammedan gentleman, who compared Christianity unfavorably with his own religion on the ground that when Muslims go to bury their dead, they bury them, but when they go to Jerusalem, the Christians' Mecca, they find nothing but an empty grave. "Yes," said the missionary quickly, "that is just the difference. Mohammed is dead. Mohammed is in his coffin. The founders of all these false systems of religion and philosophy are in their graves. But Jesus Christ, who is to rule over all, is not in the tomb. Death could not hold Him. He is risen."

When we wander through a graveyard and look at the tombstones, or go into the church and examine the old monuments, we see one heading to them all: "Here lies." Then follows the name, with the date of death, and perhaps some praise of good qualities of the departed. But how different is the epitaph on the tomb of Jesus. It is not written in gold nor cut in stone; it is spoken by the mouth of an angel, and it is the exact reverse of what is put on all other tombs: "He is not here."

"Ecce Homo - Behold the Man"



CROWN HIM—or crucify Him which?

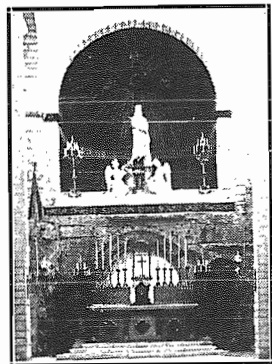
Crown Him with thorns, or a Kingly Crown—which?

In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, is a spot beloved by many pilgrims to be the centre of the world. This may seem to be a physical impossibility to the more enlightened mind, but from a religious viewpoint it is true in this respect—

To the Mohammedans it has figured so conspicuously in their religious history that it is second only to their Mecca in the South.

To the Jews it is their Holy City, their Zion, and although they have been driven to the ends of the earth, it is still the object of their prayers and they look earnestly for the restoration of their beloved city.

To Christians it is a hallowed spot, with its sacred sites and its precious



The Altar of Ecce Homo Church, in Jerusalem

associations with Christ's life and ministry—the great world's tragedy, the Cross, the Holy Sepulchre, the Resurrection of our Saviour, the Redeemer, and King, and Hope for a fallen world. At this season of the year our thoughts turn particularly to that part of the world, and the writer, who had the privilege nine years ago of visiting the many sacred traditional sites of that city, thinks particularly of one at this season. It is a little church of the Sisters of Zion, a photo of the interior of which I purchased from one of the sisters.

A Famous Arch

At this spot an arch spans the street, extending through the wall into the church. It is called "Ecce Homo Arch." According to tradition it is the place to which Jesus was brought after the examination by Pilate to be shown to the howling mob. "Then came Jesus forth wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, and Pilate saith unto them, 'Ecce Homo'—Behold the man." John 19:5. As Pilate did not wish to put Jesus to death, it appears as if he inferred "Behold the Man! Does He look like a criminal? Does He appear to be one worthy of death?" But still the

bloodthirsty crowd cried madly, "Crucify Him, crucify Him."

An entrance to the church was very kindly arranged for me by the charming soft-voiced Sisters through the Convent, when the ordinary door was closed. They were always pleased to show any members of the Expeditionary Forces through their splendid church, which is probably the most beautiful in Jerusalem, in striking contrast to many of the other churches with their gaudy, tawdry decorations, lamps, ornaments and stuffy atmosphere, with the continual burning of incense.

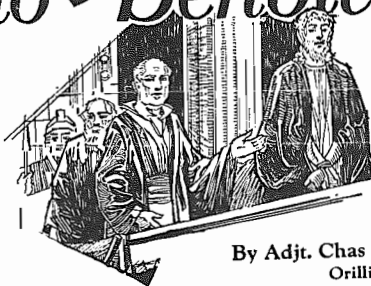
There is an atmosphere of simplicity about this church; the walls are plain white stone, relieved only by small crucifixes marking the fourteen stations of the cross. The altar is a mass of gold glowing against a background of an ancient masonry of a smaller arch adjoining the Ecce Homo Arch, upon the summit of which is a white marble figure of the Saviour standing as He stood on that day of long ago, clad in the robe of mockery and wearing the crown of thorns. At His feet is a golden and crimson crown and as one sits or stands in the silence of this sanctuary, the thought arises, "Is it not true that the crown of the world is still at Christ's feet and has not been placed on His brow by the masses?"

Waiting For Our Judgment

There, as of old, He stands upon the ancient arch waiting for our judgment. Are we to crown Him or crucify Him?

"Ecce Homo—Behold the Man." The Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. Still He stands. Are we going to turn our faces from Him? Or is His crown of tribulation, as the inscription upon the altar says, to blossom into one of glory? and we say, "Crown Him with many crowns."

"Shall I crucify your King?" asked Pilate, hoping the mob would relent. "We have no King but Caesar," replied the people. Little did they realize the terrible nemesis of wrongdoing that would follow that dastardly crime. They had on record the history of their kings, some good, some bad; one day leading them into godly paths, the next building up groves and altars to other gods. Since the origin of their Israelish Kingship (1 Samuel 8:7) when God said to Samuel, "They have not rejected me, but they have rejected Me, that I should not reign over them," they had greater faith in earthly kings than in God and their many disappointments and periods of captivity should have taught them of the instability and insecurity



By Adj. Chas E. Godden, Orillia

of earthly thrones and of the utter futility of relying upon earthly kings to bring in the ideal Kingdom of God upon earth.

Right down through the ages history gives abundant evidence of this fact. I am reminded of a glaring headline in a British paper during the Great War—"Crowns and Coronets, ten a penny." Thrones were toppling, kings and nobles were being deposed and imprisoned. Russia in its darkness becomes brutal. The one-day count is next day a peasant.

The Cry of the Mob

"He (their King) came to His own and His own received Him not," but rather cried vehemently, "Crucify Him." That beautiful Christ standing before them after the abuse and the scourging, with the bits of lead and bone at the ends of the thongs, used in those days, lacerating the flesh and no doubt the blood oozing from the smarting wounds and the nerves throbbing with every heart beat. That beautiful face marred, that robe of mockery covering the smarting, bleeding body, yet looking in tenderness and pity at those over whom He had wept days before on the Mount of

witnessed the long horrors of the siege of Jerusalem, which stands unparalleled in history for its terrible fearfulness. "We have no King but Caesar," they said, and Caesar after Caesar outraged, tyrannized, pillaged, burned the temple, crucified their children in myriads until supplies of wood failed for crosses. They were scattered to the ends of the earth, despised and hated of all men.

Lamenting Lost Glories

A pathetic sight in Jerusalem is to see the mourners at the Wailing Wall just outside the Temple area, where millions have gone on pilgrimage and thousands have driven nails in between the stones, suggesting that the wall holds them fast, so God will hold them fast. On most days Jew will be found there praying, weeping and lamenting that the glory has departed. They rejected their King, the Ecce Homo Church, where He was handed over to the crowd, the Sinner are praying that His Kingdom will soon come.

Are you concerned about the reader? What will you do? Crucify Him, not with thorns, but crown Him, Lord of all.

In Jerusalem, as in other Eastern cities, the muezzin calls the Moslems to prayer, shouting Mohammed's name from the minarets of at least four mosques five times daily. As I listened I wished I could broadcast the Name of Jesus Christ King over that marvellous old city twenty times daily, but the time came when—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun"

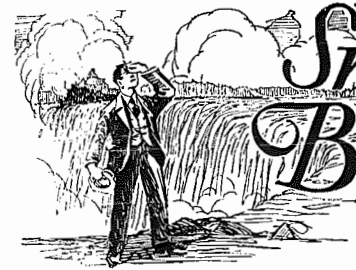
Doth His successive journeys run
St. John, in His Revelation, says
"On His head were many crowns"



THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE IN JERUSALEM
A scene on a Friday Afternoon, as Jews of all Nations Mourn Over the Fallen Glory of their Race

Olives. That look, one would think, would melt a heart of stone, but no—Pilate washed his hands and tried to evade responsibility, but they cried, "His blood be upon us and our children," and verily it has been. Farrar says, "And now mark the reverses of history. Before the dread sacrifice was consummated Judas died a suicide; Caiaphas was deposed the following year; Herod died in infancy and exile; Pilate died in suicide and banishment, leaving an execrated name; the House of Annas was destroyed a generation later and thousands of their children shared in and

The last crown He wore on earth was the crown of thorns, but now wears many, among them the crowns of Morality, of Humanity, of Divinity and of Redemption. Then God, many in our land have ascribed to Him the sovereign rights of their hearts and lives and have crucified Him King. At this Good Friday season, reader, as he stands before you and you hear the words, "Behold your King," accept Him; crown Him not with thorns, but with the Diadem. He is worthy of your devotion and loyalty. Pray "Thy Kingdom come in me, Lord."



Snatched from the Brink of Niagara

The subject of this story was led to commit a ghoulish crime in the quest for buried jewels. Full of remorse, he contemplated suicide, but was stopped in a remarkable manner. Then he found the Pearl of Greatest Price.

By ADJUTANT BRAMWELL COLES

IT SEEMED the only way out. The foaming waters of the rapids rushing madly on as if eager for their terrible plunge, seemed to be calling the despairing man. A sudden, desperate leap, a headlong plunge, and then—exit! Better a short agonizing struggle in the cruel waters of Niagara than this awful, maddening burden.

Jimmy R— (never mind his real name), was in a tight corner; there can be no two opinions about that. Behind him, young though he was, a ghastly crime he could never undo; before him, black hopelessness. And all the time haunting him like some terrifying ghost, a guilty conscience.

He had fled to Niagara in his desperate efforts to elude the arm of the law, with some vague hope of escaping across the border, although he knew that were well nigh impossible. To terror of every policeman he saw, he lived in a perpetual nightmare of apprehension.

This was not all—for the Devil pays his wages in good measure. Added to his mental agony were the pangs of remorse caused by thoughts of the shame and suffering his prodigal ways had brought to his faithful but broken-hearted wife and his sorrowing mother.

Yes, he was in desperate straits. He had got into a pretty awkward mess. Why endure the worry of it all any longer?

As he thus meditated, there passed rapidly before his mind the sequence of events which had brought him to this terrible pass. If only he could have torn those pages from his life's book and destroyed them!

It was twelve months previously that, while waiting at the Relief Office, he had struck up a casual acquaintance with a man who during the course of conversation had exclaimed, "Wish I knew where I could get some 'easy money'." Now Jimmy had heard a story going the rounds at N—, his home town, of how \$200,000 worth of jewelry had been buried in a certain grave in the cemetery there. Unthinkingly, for he was not innocent of any criminal intent, he told the story to his companion, who to his surprise, pounced at the idea like a cat at a mouse. Jimmy, somewhat alarmed and surprised at the readiness with which the older man had grabbed at this supposed chance of getting "easy money," and at once recognizing the true character of his chance acquaintance, bluntly refused to pursue the matter further.

Eight months later Jimmy ran into the man again in Toronto. At once the "easy money" coverlet broached the subject of the buried wealth. The younger man again turned the proposition down, refusing to be an accomplice to the ghoulish and criminal plot proposed. But his companion's appetite had been whetted. He had set his mind on carrying the job through and mentioned that he was in touch with a man who "knew all the ropes" where "easy money" was

concerned, proceeding to paint alluring pictures of the wealth which would be theirs once they got hold of the "swag."

His picture painting hit Jimmy in a weak spot. The young man thought of his wife and child, and of how the money would bring comfort to their drab, poverty-stricken lives. He weakened; the older man noticed it, and using every crafty artifice of which he was master, he battered the crumbling defence until Jimmy was down and out!

So it came about that the three men—Jimmy, the man who coveted "easy money" and the man who "knew the ropes"—met to plan their ghoulish plot. It was first arranged that Jimmy should go to M—, ascertain exactly the position of the grave, and generally reconnoitre the position. This he did, returning with complete details of the locality of the grave and with further confirmation of the story of the buried wealth.

Final plans were then laid, and on the day appointed, a car was secured—a deposit of \$20.00 accomplished—some canvas, shovels and a pick were thrown in, and some decorators' paraphernalia placed on top of these as camouflage. Then the trio set out for their one hundred and thirty mile journey to the scene of their proposed crime. They arranged their schedule so as to arrive at M— under cover of darkness. It was therefore near midnight when they crept into the cemetery and, finding the grave, commenced to dig. They rolled the turf, for they planned to cover all traces of their crime by refilling the grave, and relaying the turf.

All their evil plans had so far functioned like a well-oiled machine, and they were congratulating themselves on their "good luck" when an oath sprang to the lips of one of the diggers. His spade had struck the rough box in which the casket and the supposed jewels were buried. It was made of steel! And to their utterable disgust their frantic attempts to prize it open with a chisel and other instruments proved futile.

They knew then that it was all up. Their castles in the air burst like bubbles. Their visions of affluence vanished like a desert mirage. Cursing their "hard luck" they hurriedly refilled the grave, relaid the turf, tumbled into the car and made off.

All these gruesome details, like a horrible dream flashed before Jimmy's mind's eye as he stood within sound of the mighty torrent, the waters of which promised him a speedy deliverance from his haunting conscience and escape from the consequences of his wrong-doing and from the disgrace he had brought upon himself and his family.

What had life for him? Only bitterness and wretchedness. Black despair faced him on every side. In a vague sort of way he realized he had brought it all on himself. He had worked for the Devil, he must take the Devil's wages. He had no one to blame but himself. He was cornered. There was one way out. It was a quick and easy way. He would take it.

As he thus calmly determined to

"blot out his life," to use his own phrase, there came an arresting sound—the music of a Band. It may seem almost like fiction; but ask Jimmy: he will soon settle your mind on the question. He stopped to listen, and some strange influence drew him in the direction of the sound.

You will have guessed that it was The Army Band at an Open-air meeting. As the despairing man drew near and heard the Salvationists' message, he thought again of his broken-hearted wife, loyal and faithful through thick and thin; of his sinful hidden to his eyes.

Let him tell this part of the story state. Tears of remorse came unbidden in his own words. "That music of the Band stopped a sinner who was going to further serve the devil by taking his own life," he says. "It seemed to say to me: 'Come back to God.' As I stood near, the Captain who was leading the service, noticed me. What it was that made him speak to me I don't know. Perhaps he saw the tears which I could not stop; perhaps he saw that the message had found a billet. Anyway, he spoke to me about my soul. I told him I was too far gone. He told me that no man was so low but that the love of Jesus could not save him.

"But there were so many things to right that I felt my particular case was hopeless. Before I could find pardon from God I must confess my sin and suffer the consequences. I felt I could not do this, but in response to the Captain's persuasion, I promised to attend the meeting at The Army Hall next morning.

"I went, and a Sergeant came and begged me to seek God's pardon. I

his knees with the assurance that he was a sinner saved by grace.

The future? What did it trouble him now? The load had vanished. His sins were blotted out. To the sympathetic Officer of the local Corps, he confessed the whole story of his part in the ghoulish crime, signifying his intention of making a clean breast of everything to the police, taking his punishment like a man, and then starting again with a "clean sheet."

He was sent to Toronto, the Adjutant giving him a letter of introduction which fully explained the case to The Army Men's Social Department, and there the repentant man saw kindly Officers of The Army, to whom he repeated his story, concluding by reaffirming his determination to make a full confession.

Suffice it to say that an Army Officer went with Jimmy when he made a clean breast of everything to the police authorities and eventually stood his trial.

He cannot begin to express the depth of his gratitude to The Army for its kindly shepherding of himself and his faithful wife and little girl throughout many troublous weeks of stress and suspense. But of this we are not so much concerned here; it is all in the day's work of our Men's Social Samaritans.

Jimmy has found that God has not failed him. To-day he is a free man; his wife and child are restored to him. The Army has found him a job on a farm and provided him with an outfit. His child was dedicated in The Army recently. He has gained his manhood, and is



It was near midnight when they crept into the cemetery

decided then and there to confess everything and pray for God's forgiveness and Salvation."

The rest of the story is soon told. Jimmy fully resolved to make a clean breast of his participation in the M— crime, and to bear the penalty whatever it might be. With firm purpose he made his way to the cemetery and there, on his knees, in true repentance, humbly and earnestly prayed that God, for the sake of Jesus who died for "whosoever will," would blot out his sins. He rose from

holding fast to an Arm that is stronger than his own, facing the future with optimism and courage.

His thoughts no longer are turned on quests for buried jewels. The saved man has found the Pearl of Great Price, and his heart now sings for joy.

Yes, he has many things to be grateful for; but to his dying day there will ever ring sweetly in his ears the music of that Little Army Band, the strains of which arrested him and snatched him from the brink of Niagara.

Marvels of God's Grace in Newfoundland

HEALED FOR THE LORD'S SERVICE

By Mrs Lt-Colonel Moore

THE OFFICER who related to me the following story is now no longer one of the younger women. Her once golden hair is now snowy white, but her tall, lithe figure and pale, refined face give the observer a correct idea of her engaging appearance in the early days of her Army career.

She was very young when The Salvation Army first came into her little world, only seventeen years of age, as a matter of fact, yet, she relates, it was then, in those early days, that she heard the voice of Jesus saying, "Go work in My vineyard."

But after the first sensation of glad surprise had subsided, her reason began to argue the point with her inner consciousness. How could she go? To begin with, she was chief helper of her parents on their farm. Secondly, her health was not good; and thirdly, she had not a scrap of uniform with which to go in.

While she debated the question, her difficulties seemed to increase, and as though to accentuate the situation she became really ill. The doctor pronounced her trouble to be lung weakness, and judging by all appearances and symptoms, it was easy to believe.

"She cannot last more than a year," the doctor told her mother.

Robina began to consider the prospect of dying, and she thought that she had already great distress was the knowledge that she was not fit to die. How could she go into the presence of God as a disobedient soul, for well she knew that she had been unwilling to obey the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." Her greatest drawback had been her unwillingness to face the hardships of an Officer's life in Newfoundland.

Meanwhile, she became a confirmed invalid. Her brothers, joking, first called her a drug store, then said she was only keeping alive to save funeral expenses, but to her mother she poured out her heart, and it was to her she appealed to learn if God would heal her in answer to prayer. The dear mother responded to her faith, and together they prayed that Robina might live and not die. They became very much in earnest, and for



Seizing a hoe she began to work

three days they prayed almost unceasingly. Robina arose from her bed, though in much weakness, and together they knelt and petitioned the Throne of Mercy. At length a crisis arose. The old query as to her willingness to go into the work of soul saving presented itself. It must be answered, she felt.

Poor girl, a convulsive shiver shook her frame, it was truly a battle royal; faith or doubt, which would conquer? But God was gracious to His shrinking child, and came to her with assurance of victory. She claimed Him as her righteousness and surety, and murmured, "Yes, Lord, at

last Thy love has conquered; none of self, but all of Thee."

Almost immediately new life seemed to pulse and thro through her whole being, she says it was as if she was renewed. She was healed, and her joy knew no bounds.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "I am healed, I am healed!"

Her hair, long and beautiful, had fallen about her shoulders, giving her a look almost divine, but she heeded it not. To prove her new-found health she conceived the idea of going out to the potato field to show the neighbors, who were there assisting to get in the crop, that she was

well. The field was upon a slight ascent, which Robina had been to much for her, but now she did not notice it. She ran up and seized a hoe from the hands of one of the men, began to work as though life depended upon it. The women laughed at her and whispered in undertones, "This is the last stage, she has gone out of her mind!" And she looked like it, as she spoke in utter abandonment of what the Lord had done for her.

Robina soon sought out the doctor. That worthy gentleman again examined her lungs, then in a puzzled manner said:

"It is very strange, I do not usually believe in what is called 'fitting lungs,' but she has caused them to have undergone a change, they are as the lungs of a child, yes, not large, but sound!"

"Then," quoth Robina, "I want you to give me a good health certificate. I must go into the Work of The Salvation Army."

"Oh," he objected, "that would fly in the face of Providence, because you are a doctor, why not be content to remain home with your mother?"

But Robina persisted, and eventually, assuring her that she would die in two years, he gave her a papers she desired.

In a short time she found herself actually in a Corps, and in 1902 Newfoundland she endured the severest of all two seasons in the days of fighting, endured, as she "called" Officer would endure. Her clothes were wet and frozen about her feet and ankles, more than once she had neither food nor sleep. She knew cold and hunger and poverty, hardships which many, though sometimes finding it necessary to rest, she has not yet been resign on account of poor health. More than thirty-two years have passed since her remarkable healing, and she continues to this day a faithful Field Officer, one of the ablest. She is a tower of strength to her comrades Officers, and her brave heart and children glory in her. She eagerly she repudiates any praise honor to herself, she ascribes all glory, praise and honor to the Lord, saith to her, "I am the Lord's health thee."

CHANGED BY HIS POWER

By Mrs. Commandant Lodge

H— was a slave to tobacco for years. He felt burdened yet could not part with his habit. He continued its use even up to his sixtieth year. He attended a Salvation Army meeting, the Spirit of



A slave to the pipe

God strove mightily with him, but renounce his idol he felt he could not. For two weeks he was deeply convicted; then one Sunday night while the testimony meeting was in progress, he jumped over the seat in front and knelt at the penitent-form, where he claimed complete deliverance in about three minutes. Shortly after, in testimony, he was heard to say:

"For years I was a slave, I could not even go to fetch a pail of water without taking my old pipe along with me, but now even the very desire for it has been taken away. Truly to the uttermost He saves."

N— was a terrible blasphemer. He could not even converse on the most trifling subject without using blasphemous language.

He heard the voice of God and was led to see the error of his ways. For some time he remained undecided, but at length made a complete surrender of himself to God. The change in his life was a complete one. He is now an Officer, fighting valiantly for God and soul, and proclaims with no uncertain sound that "The Blood of

Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth from all sin."

H— was of a very haughty disposition; after having been away from her home for a number of years, she decided to pay her parents a visit. She had not reached her home-town very long before hearing that one of the biggest revivals in the history of the town was making itself felt. She decided to pay The Army Hall a visit. Walking up the aisle with a haughty toss of her head, it was easy to see she had not come out of genuine interest but mere curiosity.

Not long after the opening song, as on other nights, sinners began to flock to the penitent-form. One of the fishers went and spoke to N— about her soul. She gave a scornful smile and said such goings-on were nothing short of excitement.

The next night the same young lady entered the Hall again but with a different air, the Holy Spirit had been at work. How different her behavior from the first night, for when the invitation to the Cross was given she was among the first to

leave her seat. With tears falling down her cheeks, up the aisle came and humbly knelt at the penitent-form, where she claimed complete

ance. One could not help but see a change, her face was radiant with inward light as she faced the congregation and told them that Christ had done for her. A new and a contrite heart He will give.



Walking haughtily up the stairs

Some Indian Proverbs— and what they may teach us

By Lt.-Commissioner Hoe

IIII. Proverbs of a Nation are usually of real human interest as they arise from the very intimate life of the people, the homes, the fireside, the mistakes, the frailties, the humors of everyday life.

They have their roots, too, much earlier than written records, and are therefore racy of the beginnings of observation on the part of the wisest ones among the people. It may well be understood that people like those in the great peninsula known as India to-day, would have sayings of great variety, acuteness, frankness; and very often of considerable wisdom, containing teaching that is apt and useful even to-day.

Proverbial Sayings

All who have worked in India are more or less familiar with some of these proverbial sayings, many of which are associated with the names of Hindu and other religious leaders or reformers. Perhaps a brief glance at some of these sayings, with the evident teaching that they contain, may be of interest. I would like to acknowledge the kindness of Lt.-Colonel Burfoot (Banyasagar) in supplying a number of these proverbs with the translations.

Many proverbs deal with the need of sincerity in religious observation, and the emptiness of mere form; for instance this one deals with the visits to River Shrinis, where bathing removes guilt. "Three men went to the Holy Stream, and wandered and full of deceit. Not one sin was washed away, but ten hundred-weight was added." Then there is a similar saying referring to the use of the Rosary and ending on God's Name: "Turn the Rosary in your fingers. Turn your tongue in your cheek (telling on God). If your mind wanders there is no true worship there."

Then there is a large class of sayings which deal with the Grace, Power and Purity of God; or of those who gain communion with Him. For instance, Kabir, the North Indian Saint, says: "If the earth were paper, if the Forest trees were pens, if the Seven Seas were ink, all these could not write the Grace of God."

Again—"God's Grace may be likened to a mound of sugar candy. The small black ants come in their thousands—and the big red ants also come, and many of these and they all partake freely, in the mound never gets less."

The Grace of Humility

Then the grace of humility is often stressed. "The Saint is like the cotton plant, the humblest and least of shrubs, and yet its fruit clothes mankind." So the works of the saint do good to all. Or this little one: "The Saint is like the lotus; beautiful and white, and yet it grows from a mud and foul pond." Or again: "The saint is like a true saint. It has the strange power of selecting from the dirty water the milk that has been thrown into it." So is the saint in the world.

There is not so much about the change of heart, but even that is referred to as follows: "When the name to my heart I took, consumed was all my sin, as when a spark of fire ignites an old bundle of hay." Or this one: "Now a Diamond am I; then I was but glass. By the Grace of my Master True, I am now true in heart."

Refining Fire

A quaint parable refers to the little earthenware saucers used as lamps in the temples and fed with ghee or clarified butter. Milk is likened to the unsaved. It will not burn at all; it gives no light in the holy place. Churn it up in the bag of repentance, and butter comes. This gives light, but sputters like the half-saved man. Purify the butter—boil it till the face of the cook may be seen in it, and lo, there is the ghee that burns sweetly and brightly and may be put in the very Temple of God. Perhaps that may remind us of the old chorus, "Refining Fire, go through my heart."

Then there are references to the wideness of God's grace. "The Rajah built a bridge over the river. The elephant crosses the river and so does the ant. The Salvation of God is free for all."

Then the idea of the Power of God comes in the saying: "The elephant has stuck in the mire; how can he get out? Some strong one must come; or perhaps he may struggle by himself. No, the Holy One must give His hand."

Another gives a little bit of wisdom that we all recognize as such. "In sorrow all remember Him, in pleasure none at all; if all in pleasure remembered Him, there would be no suffering at all." The fact that we,

too, often call on God only in our sorrow and difficulty is one of which it is well to be reminded.

There are a couple of further sayings that deal with the marks of saintship, and are quite practical in their way. "Know ye that the saint is he, whose conduct saintly is, who practises philanthropy, whose words are full of juice." And then this one: "Praise the saintly mind which seeketh good, not evil, like a flower pressed in both hands which perfumes both hands alike."

Then there are a whole lot of warnings against delay in taking steps toward true religion or forgiveness of sins. Here are some interesting samples: "The devil stands at your head; oh, friend, beloved, awake. How can you careless slumber here, where thugs their crimes commit." Or the following: "To-day they say to-morrow, the Lord I will adore. To-morrow still the same excuse, procrastinating more, until at last life passes." Another on the danger of delay runs thus: "What can the careless sinner do? The devil now is near; and he will catch him by the ear, as a butcher does a goat."

There is a typically Indian way of expression in the following by Kabir again: "Looking at the handmill (for wheat grinding), Kabir began to weep. Of all the grain that came

between the stones unbroken none remained. Those grains that wandered round and round were finely ground to flour, but those who to the axle clung, took not the slightest harm." The moral is clinging to the great centre of all, God, and all will be well.

Enjoyed in the East

The examples given will show the sort of sayings often met with, almost any of which would be useful as a sort of jumping-off place for a talk with an Indian audience; who certainly appreciate a reference to such sayings of the country. It is equally true, though, that nothing holds an Indian audience more enthralled than a well-told Bible story or parable. These are Eastern and are readily enough understood and enjoyed.

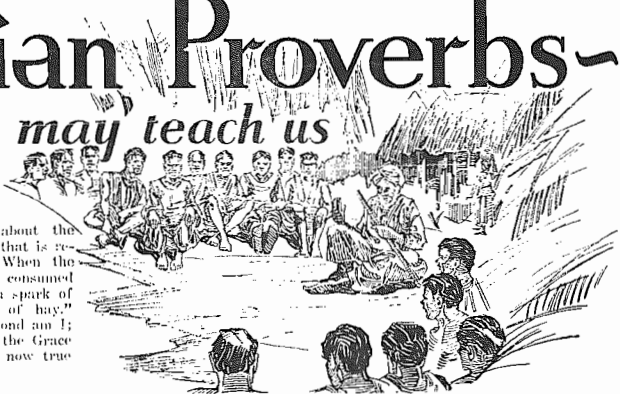
There is another story from far back that I came across, and use sometimes as an illustration of true devotion, and also the age-long cry of the Indian for the appearance of God. Uski Darshan, they call it. The legend is as follows and concerns a cave on the Nariandha River in Central India which passes through a rocky and deep ravine with cliffs on each side. They say that long, long years ago a very holy hermit lived in the cave. So holy was he, that he got power with the gods, and at his prayer one of them with his consent came to visit him, riding on a white bull.

The hermit, after greeting them, said, "May I not call my villagers that they may also worship? Will you stay till I return if I go?" The gods said, "We will stay till you return." The old man went out along the cliff to bring his people; but as he went he thought, "What if I don't come back, the gods will remain for ever, abiding thus among men." So the old man made one spring from the cliff path to the deeps below, disappearing for ever beneath the swirling, black waters.

A Continual Reminder

The gods remained for a long while waiting, but at last found out the reason for delay. They said, "No, we cannot stay; but we will cause this statue of ourselves on the bull to remain in the marble of the cave; and so remind the men that the gods have come to earth."

Such is the legend. It may surely remain for us as a heart-cry of the Indian for God. We have a glorious story to tell those same Indians, Christ, Who lived as a humble man, died, and rose God's Son; and thank Him many are listening and accepting Him.



THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

By Envoy W. A. Hawley

From the prophet scroll she read about the Cross,

Seeking light upon His dying, sore afraid;

Deeply feeling in her soul an utter loss,

For the end of hope seemed present, and she prayed.

She had trembled at the garden and the mob;

How she shuddered at the thorns, the spikes, the spear;

She was fainting when she heard His dying sob;

And her being in that hour of bitter fear.

With a tender, beating heart, on Easter morn,

At the sepulchre she met her Lord again,

And her joyful cry, "Rabboni," still is heard,

O'er the world, here's token to the Magdalene.

Once again, upon the hill of Olivet,

All alone she stood, to find the shadow gone;

And upon a radiant cross a Coronet,

Every point and peak of which be-jewelled shone.

From above, such glad hosannas met her ear,

Chanting, "Worthy is the Lamb for sinners slain";

And the gates of pearl swung open, seeming near,

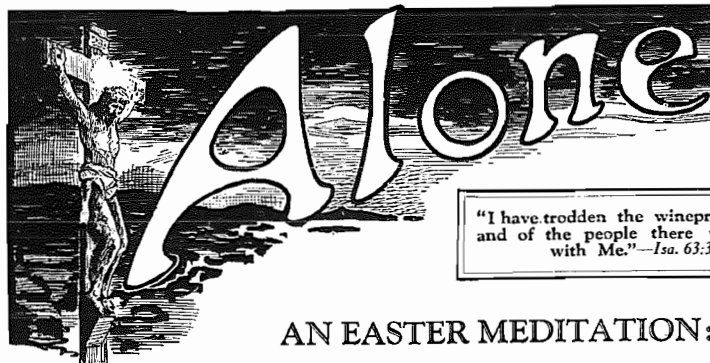
And within she saw her King enthroned again.

And she heard Him say, "Come unto Me and rest,"

Sweet and kindly rose His countenance, and bright—

Ah, she saw it all, and knew that she would live;

She had found the Truth, the Resurrection Light.



"I have trodden the winepress alone;
and of the people there was none
with Me."—Isa. 63:3

AN EASTER MEDITATION: By The Commissioner



THE OTHER DAY an only child of Salvation Army parents was heard to remark, "How terrible one must feel to really realize one is in the world without a friend—Alone!"

This remark was prompted by her knowledge of someone who is an inmate of an Institution, who is suffering physical pain, and who has not a relative or friend near to her.

She has not a human friend excepting a Salvation Army girl, who visits her occasionally. The hours drag wearily on, the nights are long and painful, but in comparison this is nothing to the realization that although surrounded by others, no eyes beam with real love, no voice speaks that word which thrills the heart.

ALONE!

How terrible to really realize that one is alone!

It is many years ago since I read these words, "Alone in London." The picture below upon which my eyes rested has never faded from my memory, and I doubt if the impressions made on my mind and heart can ever be erased.

Alone in a city. The forlorn figure; the startled look upon the face; the haunted expression in the eyes; the terror which seemed to possess the woman and express itself in absolute fear of what might happen was well portrayed. Alone in a great city. Millions of people, yet not a hand outstretched, excepting to strike. Not an eye turned toward her, excepting in scorn. Forlorn, friendless, forsaken, anxious for one word of love, but although a crowd is around, there is no loving response. How terrible it is to realize that one is Alone.

The other day the newspapers related the story of a small boat found on the trackless waste of a great ocean. In it was a man—Alone.

What a picture. Alone on the bosom of the deep. No one to whom he could speak. Fear and hope, tears and laughter alternately. His frenzied cry for help answered by the roar of the winds. His outstretched hand waving a flag of distress, answered by the waves of the ocean striking afresh his little boat. His loss of hope quickened by his sense of loneliness—Alone. How terrible to realize you are alone.

The life of Jesus appears to have been one of tragic loneliness. No room in the inn. Alone in prayer on the mountain. Walking alone on the sea. Alone in the fisherman's boat. Alone in the house at Bethany and alone in the house of the good man. Alone on the hillside with a stone for a pillow and the mantle of night to cover His tired, weary body and the dew of the morning to call Him from His sleep.

Alone! What tragic loneliness! Before Easter—a garden, four men, One to pray, three to watch. "Could ye not watch one hour?" No, the heaviness of sleep was upon them. He must not only pray alone, He must carry the whole burden in His heart and spirit alone. It is His battle. He must stand up against the temptation alone. Hear His cry from a lonely heart, "Not this cup . . . nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done."

Alone! How terrible it is to realize that He stood alone. But He won in the Garden.

"It was alone the Saviour prayed,
In dark Gethsemane,
Alone He drained the bitter cup,
And suffered there for me."

Alone before Pilate, before the Sanhedrin. His disciples have all fled.

Those who would have stood near are afraid. They are secret disciples because of fear. He stands alone to face the mocking, jeering crowd, the heartless and murderous crowd. No eyes to pity, no hand outstretched to help. Beaten, scourged, spat upon, mocked, but standing serene, dignified and Kingly amidst it all. Conqueror, although alone.

The Cross. Alone, Divine yet human. Touched with the feelings of our infirmities. Was that the foundation of His support? It must have been when He realized how alone He felt. The cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" revealed to what depths of loneliness He went. All human friends had left. His disciples went back

and walked no more with Him. Now He felt God had left Him alone. Left alone to die.

"Alone, alone, He bore it all alone,
He gave Himself to save His own,
And suffered, bled and died, alone, alone."

But, praise God, He conquered. "It is finished," was His triumphant cry.

He is risen. He is our Redeemer and our Intercessor. He is our Saviour and Friend. No one need be alone. Jesus is not in the grave. He is risen and can be your Saviour and Companion.

My word to those who may feel they are alone is that Christ is real. Christ may dwell in your heart and you may walk daily with Him and realize, as the poet sings:

"Lonely, no never lonely,
While Jesus standeth by,
His presence fills my chamber,
When no one else is nigh."



Jesus on the steps of the Praetorium as they "led Him away to crucify Him."—Matt. 27:31.

THE MIDGET



EVEN after The Army began its work in Limehouse, a riverside section of East London, a tradesman, whom I will call Saxton, was converted to God. He had been a wild and dissolute man, reckless in his life and abandoned to all kinds of self-indulgence and worldly pleasure. He was a prosperous fishmonger, having a good shop in Seaman's Lane—then a notorious thoroughfare greatly used by the roughest type of people, and a resort for all kinds of street trading, gambling, and drinking—especially on Sunday mornings. All the shops opened, costermongers appeared with barrels in the roadway; hawkers, beggars, ballad singers, piled their different callings, and about eleven o'clock the whole street became a scene of rough and noisy agitation, with an occasional dog-fight or man-fight to amuse the visitors who had no more serious matters requiring their attention.

Into this street, shortly after our Work began in that district, marched a little group of our Mission people every Sunday. They sang and prayed and testified, and, if the truth must be told, added not a little to the commotion and excitement of the hour. The testimonies of some of the speakers—and testimony was their strong point—had a peculiarly irritating effect on the crowds. Particularly was this so in the case of a dwarfed, well-known as "The Midget," a poor, deformed creature who had formerly been an "actor" at the Penny Gaff—a low theatrical affair—opposite Limehouse Church, which the Founder had rented for his use.

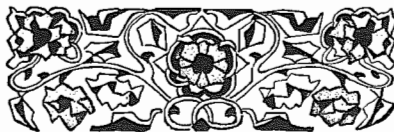
The Midget had been indeed a vile creature, finding an especial satisfaction in leading boys and youths who frequented "The Gaff" into all sorts of vicious ways. As he occupied for a sleeping place a kind of den under the "staircase," he was always at hand for any wickedness that came along either by night or day. A great drinker, and generally able to enliven any company in which he was found, the public-houses of the locality welcomed him into their tap-rooms and provided him with liquor when he asked for it.

The Midget's Great Change

When we took possession of "The Gaff," the Midget's occupation was gone. He celebrated the fact by singing and carrying out almost every conceivable kind of mischief which could be a source of annoyance or injury to our meetings or our people. His ability of appearance and his amazing ability in mimicry often made his interruptions very trying and very difficult to deal with, especially in the Open-air meetings.

Then, one day, the Midget found Salvation. Not that he was changed; he became, especially in Seaman's Lane, a target for abuse of all kinds by the publicans and their miserable

By the General.



dupes. They seemed to feel that insult was added to injury when this poor fellow, for whom they had drawn so much good liquor, should not only abandon his former ways, but that he should come forth to tell his story of a new life on their very doorsteps and to their very best customers!

The Fishmonger's Interest Aroused

Perhaps for this reason, perhaps on account of the gradual increase in the number and effectiveness of the Missioners, the abuse gradually grew louder and fiercer, and on some Sundays something very much like a riot took place in "the Lane." The usual East End horseplay degenerated more and more into personal fights, stone throwing and aggressive violence of other kinds. The garbage of the street, refuse and offal from the stalls, and still stronger stuff, brought especially from a distance by some of the rowdies, made havoc among the clothes of the singers and speakers. At last the police threatened to take proceedings—against us, of course—unless we stopped the meetings. That, however, we had no intention of doing. Instead we "moved on," and on some Sundays the "service" was indeed a sort of "movie," though not of the modern kind. Marching slowly up and down the crowded thoroughfare, our people, though hustled and stoned, made great crowds hear their message, and not a few fine Converts were won, who did brave work for God and finally passed to the Better World.

Among those who had noticed the hostility of the crowd to the preachers, was the fishmonger. His shop was always open from ten to one, and having a thorough knowledge of his business, he did what is called a roaring trade. Sunday after Sunday the processioners would stand for a few moments before the shop, speak to his customers, and he, working

at his open front with its big "slab," heard and saw much that went on. Among other matters of interest to him was the Midget. I think that he had sometimes witnessed the queer performances at "The Gaff" round the corner, and he had no doubt got a fairly accurate idea of the misery in which the poor fellow lived, and the bad character which he bore. When, therefore, he stood forth from time to time still so dwarfed and contemptible in appearance, but now so lucid and definite in the story he told of a changed life, the fishmonger was first interested, and then impressed. Sometimes the Midget sang a kind of amateur solo. Though his voice was not very strong or very harmonious, there was something in it which made his words of more than passing interest. One song in particular entered the fishmonger's inmost soul:

Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day,
My portion never will decay,
Christ for me.

The disturbances continued and became more frequent and more violent. The Midget was made the special target for the attacks of the roughs. Every evil word was hurled at him. The nastiest filth and the sharpest stones were always directed at him, and sometimes he really did come in for serious trouble. But in all this he was patient and silent. The most he attempted in the way of self-defence was the wearing of a thick overcoat made of some kind of hemp material which was not greatly affected by the slush, and which seemed to have a softening effect on the stones!

Midget Wins a Soul

One Sunday morning, when violence was exceptionally bitter, the Midget was thrown down and rolled over and over in the mud, coming to a stop opposite the fishmonger's shop. Seeing the plight of the poor fellow, he stepped out into the roadway, checked the rabble, raised the poor little victim to his feet and led him, to the bewilderment and astonishment of friend and foe, into the room behind his open shop. There he left him while he went to overlook the putting up of the shutters and to send him food, presently returning to receive thanks for this unexpected kindness. What then took place I know not, but what followed made a sensation indeed in Limehouse! The poor despised creature led the proud and wicked tradesman to Christ. The following Sunday morning the fish shop alone in all the street remained closed, and the fishmonger in his best clothes joined the procession which presently stopped as usual before the shop, while he stood forth and told the story of his repentance and faith and forgiveness to the astonished crowd, a

(Continued on page 15)



Simon: The Silk Merchant of Cyrene

A Striking word-picture of one who, in an unusual way, shared in the Saviour's humiliation and suffering. (See Supplement)



HERE was an unusual bustle and excitement on the quay at the port of Cyrene, in North Africa. It was quite early, the red of the sunrise had scarcely faded out of the sky, and the wind that blew in from the Mediterranean was still chill with the coolness of the night. The little white town with its square, flat-roofed houses seemed scarcely awake, but the narrow streets that led down to the quay were busy with hurrying people.

The ship that lay alongside with its great brown sail hanging loosely on its single mast, was straining at the mooring ropes, as if eager to be away, and the deck was busy with dark-skinned sailors who were actively stowing away the fast packages of the cargo of ivory from beyond the desert, spices from far-spreading gardens, and wonderful robes made in strange places. High in the bow, where he could see all that was being done, stood the captain, a tall man with a curling black beard, his robes of ivory from beyond the desert. Tyre was famous, girded with a golden girdle.

Able to Keep the Passover

"If the Lord is gracious, and sends us favoring winds I shall be able to keep the Passover in Jerusalem as I have done these many years, and next year, Rufus, my son, you will be twelve years of age and you shall go with me."

The speaker was a tall man with a close-cut, fair beard, a man so tall that he towered head and shoulders above the crowds of people near him. His robes of peacock blue reached to the ground, and the hood upon his head was bordered with gold. The boy at his side promised to be his father over again. A mass of gold curls escaped from the red, fez-like cap he wore, and long bare legs showed beneath the tunic that no longer came near reaching his knees.

"And may I go also?" called another little lad, who let go his mother's hand to pull his father's sleeve, "will you take me to Zion also, my father?"

Simon, the merchant, bent from his great height and lifted the little lad in his arms. "If I should take thee also, Alexander, my prince, who would watch over thy mother, and over my boy, for me? Some day, little lad, when thou art tall as Rufus yonder," then, seeing the tears shining in the little lad's eyes, "but see, when I come home again, see what I will bring thee." He kissed the little lad and set him on the ground at the mother's side.

"See, father," cried Rufus, the elder lad, "the captain is beckoning thee, and already the shipmen are casting off the ropes. Next year I shall go with thee."

Heart Full of Dreams

He embraced his father warmly, his heart full of dreams of the year ahead. Then Simon turned to his wife whose head only reached to his great square shoulders.

"Ruth, my beloved," and his voice was very tender, "for the Lord God of Israel keep thee under His wings whilst we are absent one from another. Peace be unto thee."

He stepped aboard the ship as the rowers pushed her out from the shore, turned again to raise his hand in bidding, and then, as the great square sail was belaying with the wind, and the ship and the

great man upon its deck were only a dark speck upon the shining blue of the Mediterranean Sea.

Many weeks had passed. The ship on which Simon of Cyrene had sailed had met with contrary winds and had been driven far out of her course, so that for many days Simon had feared that after all he would not be able to eat the Passover in Zion. At last the winds had favored them, and they had reached the little harbor at Joppa, and Simon had hurried on to Jerusalem.

There was a strange tumult and confusion in the city. Wherever Simon went he heard men talking of Jesus, the Prophet from Galilee, and the wonderful works He was doing, and the strange things. He said, Simon's business took him into the houses of some of the princes and rulers of Israel, and he was amazed to find how bitterly they spoke about Jesus.

"Why speak so evil of this Man?" Simon asked one day at dinner. "Has He not healed the sick? Has He not cleansed the lepers? He has raised the dead, if all I hear is true.

Simon rose early next morning, as soon as it was dawn, and went out into the open country toward Bethany. He felt he could not breathe in the narrow streets of the crowded city, and all he had heard about Jesus and this story of His arrest worried him.

He came near to the city gate and was surprised to see a great crowd pouring out from the city streets, making their way toward the place of execution, a bald, scalp-shaped knoll they called Golgotha. As Simon came nearer his surprise became bewilderment. Men's faces were black with anger and their eyes flashing with fury and they were shouting with hoarse voices. Moreover, many of them were clad in the purple and fine linen of the rulers, and their robes were torn and disordered. He thought he caught a glimpse of a crumpled, soiled head-dress that looked like the white linen of a priest. What could it mean? What were these people doing in such a mob?

The crowd came nearer and the cries broke out again.



"And may I go also," called another little lad

What evil hath He done?"

"Evil!" half a dozen of the others cried out together, "evil! Thou art a stranger in Jerusalem. Hath He not spoken blasphemy and declared Himself the Son of God?"

"Did He not say that God could raise up sons of Abraham out of the stones of the earth?"

"Yea, and tell the people that we Pharisees were white sepulchres."

Simon stared from one to another in bewilderment.

"Yet this Jesus must be a good Man or there would not be such language in His hands. They tell me that some have been healed who have only touched the hem of His garments."

The tumult broke out afresh and Simon said no more, only some one laughed and asked: "Is Simon of Cyrene also among the prophets?"

Late on the evening of the Passover the rumor spread through the crowded city that Jesus the Nazarene had been arrested and carried before Pilate. Simon heard it, but paid little attention to it.

"He has done no evil," Simon said to himself. They cannot punish Him for healing the sick and giving sight to the blind."

"Away with the Nazarene! Death!"

Simon stood by the side of the road. It was useless to attempt to pass the gate until the mob had passed. As he saw the faces of the men and women and heard their shameful cries he felt as if his blood froze in his veins. A few days before these people had hailed the Nazarene as a King, and strewn palm-branches before Him, and now—

The mob was even denser now. It was the main body of the procession. A body of soldiers marched in a hollow square with their tall spears catching the sunlight. A soldier marched in the forefront carrying a parchment on the head of a spear. Simon pressed forward to read what was written on it:

"This is Jesus the King of the Jews," and his face went white and he clenched his fists at his side as he felt the insult of it.

Beside the square of soldiers a man staggered along with a heavy beam of wood upon His shoulders. A rough crown of thorns had been pushed upon His head, and the white peasant's garment He wore was all stained with blood. Just as He had passed the gate He stumbled, the

beam of wood fell from His shoulders, and He fell headlong to the ground of pity came, but no word of pity came, but no word of pity, only cries of hate and bitterness.

"Dog of a Galilean! Vile Nazarene! Away with Him!"

Simon could endure it no longer. "Why?" he shouted in a guttural voice, "what evil has He done? Has He not healed your sick ones? Has He not spoken words of peace and love?"

At first the crowd were too amazed to interrupt him. But as soon as they recovered themselves they turned upon him with angry cries and uplifted hands, and for a moment the outlook was serious.

"Thou also art one of them!" he cried. "Thou dost follow the blaspheming dog of a Nazarene! Thou a Jew, to pity a Man who has brought shame upon our nation and blasphemed the God of our fathers!"

Attracted the Centurion

The tumult attracted the centurion in charge of the Roman guard. He could see that Jesus could not carry His cross any farther. He was staggering now, as he stood by His feet. Nor could he ask the soldiers to do it. It was too great a shame to put upon a Roman. Then he caught sight of this man near whom the crowd was raging. It was a great thing to make this stranger in his purple, fur-trimmed robes come and carry this cross, obviously it would please the mob.

Two soldiers in brass armor passed through the crowd and laid hold on Simon, the silk merchant of Cyrene, and in a moment or two the Nazarene moved on again and he walked beside Jesus, carrying His cross.

At first Simon bit his lips to shame, till the blood came. He did not resist. But that he, a wealthy silk merchant, should endure such shame as this. The crowd paid their approval.

"He followed the Nazarene! He Him follow him now."

Simon would never tell what happened during the journey. "I am not worthy," he would say, "but others urged him to tell them. For those who were watching as he went, as Simon took up the cross had looked at him and his lips moved. He spoke some word of gratitude. No one heard it, but as Simon looked at Jesus that morning the scene faded out of his face and he was as silent as a stone. He was as silent as a stone in his costly dress, walking in the crowd, and did not blush, only a little as though he were proud.

It was the day of Pentecost. The temple was thronged with people and crowds were round a great men who were saying something about Jesus of Nazareth.

Speaking to the Crowds

A short, grizzled man in a man's fisherman's coat was speaking to the throng of the crowds, but others were also speaking in other corners. In one corner a man stood who was so tall that he seemed to look over other men's heads, and people around him were men who were somewhat different from the others. They were of the Jews, but they were drawn from the majority of the people, and were dark of skin and though they lived in shade of a blazing sunshine.

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THE MAN WHO DREW BACK

He Achieved Worldly Success But Became a Spiritual Bankrupt

WITH all the opportunities I have had, the good advice which has been laid upon me, the knowledge of Divine things which I possess, the host of splendid

friends who have never failed me, and most of all, God's marvelous goodness to me, I should be a mighty man of God today, with a glowing record of service behind me, and my arms full of sheaves for God's garner. Instead of that, I find myself in the autumn of life, with failure written on all my past, and life's most precious opportunities forever beyond my grasp.

Don't misinterpret me, I am not one of the down-and-outs. I have a comfortable home, a wife and family second to none, a position many of

[This is a story of great human interest written by a Canadian business man. As he says, it has been the hardest task of his life to write it, but he does so in the hope that it will serve as a warning to other men faced with the same temptations.—Editor]

it was a red letter day when I was enrolled as a Soldier, in a fine new suit of Band uniform, with father holding the Flag by special permission, and mother sitting among the Songsters with a wondrous combination of tears and smiles on her face.

Up to this time I had every little real spiritual life. My conduct was exemplary; I became a hard-working Bandman, and I believe, stood well in the estimation of my comrades;

Major was equally pleased at the way these boys were being held for The Army.

With the first thought of Officership came also the thought of these boys. What would happen to the class if I left? At the same time I had a position with good pay and bright prospects for the future, and had pictured for myself a future of prosperity as a business man.

Gradually there developed a state of turmoil in my soul. I felt I could win these boys for God and The Army if I stayed with them, that I could be a successful business man and add prestige to the Corps; while if I left, the boys would be lost to The Army, and I might be a failure as an Officer. But all the time, at first unconsciously, I was contrasting my material prospects as an Army Officer and as a man of business; and I see now, what I did not realize then, that the Devil was really leading me to a selfish choice, for which the welfare of the Corps was to be an excuse.

Did Not Seek Advice

Another grievous mistake I made was that I did not consult my parents at this critical time, but came to a decision involving my life's happiness without the benefit of their advice.

At last I came to the crucial moment when my decision must be made. During a sleepless night I saw the issue clearly at last, but the enemy had undermined my strength of soul, and for hours I was tossed like a ball between duty and desire, until in the grey light of morning, I made the final and fatal choice, which was to cast a shadow over all my future life—I would not become an Officer.

Once the die was cast I threw myself into the Corps work more zealously in an effort to justify myself to my own conscience, but I had

learner's class dwindled, and only one or two ever reached the Senior Band; my business became an excuse for my absence more and more frequently, until I became a Soldier in name only.

I need hardly say that all this was a source of unending heartache to my parents, and they made repeated efforts to hold me to my duty, until one day in a fit of depression I told them the whole story of my struggle and defeat. Their sorrow was pitiful to see, and it seemed to me that old age began to creep upon them from that day.

Out of respect and sympathy for them, the Corps kept my name on the books for years and never lost hope for my return, but in time my connection with The Army was entirely broken.

Bitter Prosperity

Let me skip a number of years, in which I achieved the prosperity I coveted, but found it as Dead Sea apples to my taste; in which I tried and failed to buy with money the peace I lost by disobedience.

So I came to a never-to-be-forgotten night a few weeks ago. I had looked at my oldest boy and wondered about his future until my heart ached. Would he blight his life by disobedience as I had? Could I help him to a right decision? If I told him of my own failure would it help him?

As I lived again those bitter days I was drawn as by an invisible force to the old Army Hall, which still stood as when I was a lad. I found a Holiness meeting in progress with a small attendance, among them my father and mother, both well stricken in years now. I slipped in and took a seat as quietly as possible. It was a simple service with strong emphasis on the vital things of our faith.

As It Might Have Been

What agonies of soul I endured as I sat in that meeting. I shall never be able to tell. I saw my life as it might have been, with every moment consecrated to the Salvation of my fellowmen, and as I compared it with the life I had lived I felt as guilty before God as a murderer awaiting sentence of death. I was sure God led me to the Hall that night to renew my broken vows, and that it was



Wore my little badge among my schoolmates

my friends envy, and yet how gladly would I exchange places with the Captain I listen to on Sunday nights or the Lieutenant who prayed in my office yesterday.

But why is all this unhappiness; why do I have my head with shame at the thought of the past? I have never been under the heavy hand of the law; my fellow townsmen regard me as an excellent citizen; why should I find it hard to hold up my head?

Told as a Warning

Although it is the hardest task of my life, I will tell my story, in the hope that some one man or woman might be warned by it, that someone who comes to the crossroads, as I came, might be pointed to the right way by the story of my shame.

Here is my story with its selfishness and its cowardice and the most I can do today for my weakness, rather than my scorn for my unfaithfulness.

I was born in The Army. Among my very earliest memories is my mother's shining eyes as she said a hundred times, "My boy, I gave you to God as a living offering; you belong to Him, and your constant prayer is that you prove to be a soul-winner." And it seemed to me that father's words were always the same, and his voice always trembled a little as he chimed in, "This night my boy, let the world have its gold and pultry toys, your treasure must be laid up in Heaven."

I became a Junior Soldier at ten years of age, and wore my little badge right proudly among my schoolmates.

I began to become an instrument almost as soon as I could hold one, and

but I was a stranger to the deep experience which made my parents' religion an ever-springing well of joy.

Then came the wonderful day when I entered into my inheritance, when the waters of doubt were parted by a miracle of His grace, and the land flowing with milk and honey was mine by actual possession.

Immediately the whole course of my spiritual life was changed. I became a blazing fire of enthusiasm for God and the Salvation of souls. No cross was too heavy, no task too hard, every service The Army asked of me was a delight. This continued for about three years, and how I thank God to-day for that time, it is the one oasis which the desert of failures has not been able to obliterate; it shines in the darkness of the past to help me believe that victory is a possibility for me to-day.

But all through those years the Devil constantly sought for an unguarded place in the fortress of my soul, and just as I reached my twentieth birthday he assumed his old guise as an angel of light and presented a temptation which was so subtle that I failed to recognize his hand in it until it was too late.

Called to Officership

For some time the conviction had been growing upon me that God wanted me to become an Officer, but I was so busy in the Corps that I had not really seriously faced the matter, but the time was near when I must make a decision. I had started a class of learners for the Band, and they were doing so well that the Bandmaster was delighted, and had visions of a splendid addition to his Band, while the Young People's Sergeant-



Looked at my boy and wondered about his future

no real joy in it from that time, and having failed with myself I could hardly succeed with others.

The result of all this was that little by little my religious enthusiasm slipped from me, and I became more and more devoted to business. The

the last chance I would ever get. But my pride died hard, and it was only after a bitter struggle that I at last knelt at the mercy-seat, and humbly besought God to forgive the past and restore me to His favor. Once I had

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A Salvation Stalwart



The Story of how Brother Alex. Gregory became a Salvationist and has kept the flag flying through-out Forty years of Service in busy city and on isolated farm

By Commandant Joseph Galway



SINCE the hour, forty-two years ago, when Brother Gregory, of Georgetown, Ont., opened his heart to the Saviour, his life has been marked by an unswerving faithfulness and a devotion to duty of which no commendation could be too high.

He is essentially an outdoor man. Born on a farm, accustomed nearly all his days to the hardy, vigorous life of the Canadian out-of-doors, he tells with a touch of justifiable pride that only once in his life — when he met with an accident — has he required the services of a doctor, and today he carries his seventy years with more ease than many a man two

spiritual experience.

He now found himself among people whose ideas of worship were entirely different from those prevailing in the home of his parents. Mr. Doyle was a zealous member of The Society of Friends, more commonly called Quakers, and the affairs of his life and home were conducted accordingly.

Let it be said that our comrade has nothing but good to say of the Quakers. He left the "Society" and became a Salvationist because he felt it was God's will that he should do so, but he still numbers among his dearest friends those whose friendship he formed in those days, and it is highly instructive to hear him tell his personal experience among these



Brother Gregory

Doyle's possessions was a fine collection of biographies of godly men and women, such as George Fox, Wm. Penn, Elizabeth Fry, Hannah Moore, and such like, and from these our comrade received much help and inspiration.

Meanwhile The Army had opened a Corps at Aurora, and the Officers decided to attack Schomberg. One night when Alex Gregory and his cousin were in the village store a small procession, with flag and drum, made its way down the street. The listeners could only explain this proceeding by the supposition that the Orangemen were rehearsing for the 12th of July. But when a flag was formed, and they sang, "We're bound for the Land of the pure and the holy," it was more difficult of explanation, so the two young men went closer to listen. There for the first time in his life Gregory heard a man testify that he knew he was saved. This appealed to him as similar to the experience of the heroes of faith whose lives he had been reading, so he followed to the hall to hear more about it, and so attended his first Army meeting.

Thus was forged the first link of the chain which was to bind his heart to The Army for life, and give him opportunities for service of which he had never dreamed.

It was only a short time till he was an out-and-out Soldier, and putting his whole heart into the fight for the Salvation of those around him.

Among the early Officers to be stationed at Schomberg was Lieutenant Hannah Glenn. In 1888 she became the wife of Brother Gregory, and the newly-married couple set up their home in Hamilton, where they became Soldiers of No. 1 Corps. After several years there work became somewhat slack and they went back to farming, locating this time near Newmarket. Two years later they located in Toronto, where they spent fourteen years, part of which time Brother Gregory was Flag-Sergeant at the Temple and the remainder did service as Treasurer at Yorkville.

Then once more the call of the open was so loud it had to be obeyed. He had heard much of New Ontario and determined to go there and undertake farming along pioneer lines. Accordingly he secured 103 acres right in the bush, about five

miles west of Charlton, in New Ontario, and after working there for eleven years he had thirty acres cleared and was well supplied with soil and all necessary farm equipment. Then their only child, a daughter, married and moved away, and the loneliness of the isolated farm became insupportable, especially to his wife, so they decided to move to a town once more. The place chosen was Georgetown, where they arrived in 1919. Brother Gregory found work at once in the paper mill, and has been there ever since.

Through all these changing tests our comrade has maintained a simple faith and wholehearted Salvationism. When there was a Corps near enough to attend he was a zealous Soldier, and when too far he linked himself with the nearest Christian body and worked for it. Lord there.

In New Ontario he helped at Community church, and whenever a minister was away he would conduct the services. When he found a Corps in Georgetown he became an active worker in the church also.

He was glad of the opportunity this afforded him of working for the Master, even though he was doing association with fellow Salvationists. He wore his uniform on all occasions, and made it clear to all that he was proud of it. On their part, church members were very glad of his help and used his services whenever circumstances made it possible.

But all the time his heart yearning for The Army, and when last word came that a Corps was opened he was delighted. He verified the saying of the Old Testament and did everything he could to prepare for them, and on the occasion he testified "This is the best day of my life."

When Captain Hiltz and Lieutenant Clarke, the Officers who opened the Corps, began their visit, he heard everywhere of Brother Gregory's work and influence; he visited the sick, prayed with the dying, read the Scriptures in the people's homes, and in general he worked in such a way that the



Two of the older men would rise and shake hands as a sign that the service was over

decades his junior; he rarely misses a meeting and the Open-air services, regardless of weather, are his delight.

It was in 1857 that he and a twin brother came to gladden a farm home in Tecumseh township, near Schomberg, Ont. His parents were both converted and his early training was in accordance with their sterling Methodism. Thus the foundations of character were laid deep and strong in his boyhood days by the examples of godliness in his own home; and these simple country folk, unable to provide luxuries for their children, yet imparted to them the inestimable wealth of high ideals and simple faith.

There were six girls and five boys in the Gregory family, and when a farmer at Schomberg, seven miles away, found himself in need of a boy's help it was convenient for all concerned that young Alex should go to share his home and work. So we find our comrade, at fourteen years of age, settled in his new surroundings in the home of Mr. Peter Doyle, where he remained until he was ready to establish a home of his own, and where he passed through the most revolutionary phases of his

earnest Christians of a half-century ago.

A Quaker Church stood on the corner of Peter Doyle's farm, and on Wednesday nights and Sundays large congregations gathered there for worship. Brother Gregory describes these services, the like of which probably cannot be seen anywhere in Canada today. The men and women sat on opposite sides of the church aisle. Each man wore the recognized Quaker coat, made in a peculiar cut-away style, with no collar, and only one button; for outdoor wear this was supplemented by a broad-brimmed hat. The women wore very plain dresses of a drab color and large poke bonnets. In the services they would often sit for an hour and a half in perfect silence, after which two of the older men would rise and shake hands as a sign that the service was over, and the congregation would dismiss. At home a similar course would be followed; after breakfast the Bible would be read, and the family would sit in silence for perhaps a quarter of an hour before beginning the day's work.

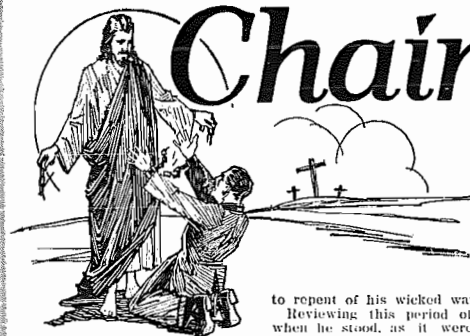
What it was a home where young Gregory experienced much kindness and learnt much of God. Among



A small procession, with a flag and drum made its way down the village street

Army's prestige was greatly enhanced when the Corps opened.

So we find him today, a spiritual asset to a new opening in a town; glad of his opportunity to serve, proud to wear the uniform and proclaim himself a Salvationist, and eager to help others into the experience of peace and joy which his. Long may he live to push the War he so much loves.



IT WAS HAY-MAKING time in England.

Nine-year-old George Stokes found it just a trifle more difficult than usual to concentrate on "readin', 'ritin' an' 'rithmetick," whilst the delightful melody of sounds made by the busy hay-makers was tantalizingly borne to his ears on the balmy Summer breeze.

School dismissed, George soon lessened the distance between himself and the field where his father, with other men, was plying the sickle in the good old-fashioned style.

Now George, we are sorry to say, had acquired a taste for a certain beverage with which hay-makers were wont to refresh their thirsty palates at frequent intervals, and when he accidentally stumbled upon a crock of apple-cider in the cool shade of a corn-stook, he didn't think twice about helping himself.

He imbibed more freely than wisely, and when Dad arrived on scene his son was properly "pickled." But he was soon sobered! George's Dad had his own views of how a son should conduct himself—especially one of George's years, and with Solomonic wisdom he spared not the rod!

Poor George! The thrashing did little good. Dad had not reckoned with George's fiery, passionate temperament. The young lad's soul was filled with hot resentment, and he gave vent to his feelings by an angry all-night yell under an oak-tree. Not until the following morning, after watching his father off for work, did he return home. He found his distraught mother with the open Bible on the table, crying and praying for her erring boy.

Two things resulted from this boyish episode which influenced and stained the whole of his chequered career; first, his thirst for strong drink became a passion, and secondly, an unquenchable temper asserted itself. Both temptations played fearful havoc with his life, as this story will show.

At ten years of age George was working with a contractor as water-boy, or, to be more correct—heron-boy.

One day he fell into a drunken spree with his cronies; they parted company at the "pub" and on the way home he was caught in a runaway horse. His maddened brain afloat with liquor he was seized with an insane desire to mount the cart and "get some quicker." Careering madly down the street a frightened acquaintance shouted, "Bill, where are you going?" "To Hell" was the gay reply. Bill was found later with his skull smashed. He had arrived at his "destination" sooner than he expected!

George was deeply moved by the death of his chum, but was too stubborn to give up drinking, much less

to repent of his wicked ways.

Reviewing this period of his life, when he stood, as it were, on the threshold of manhood, George is convinced that God sent him several grave warnings, of which the preceding occurrence is a sample.

We next see George as Private Stokes, of the 1st Gloucestershire Regiment. He had accepted the Queen's shilling and signed up for seven years' active service.

The new life, at first, was fascinating, with its cease-round of novel activities, but George, soon tired of it. The stringent discipline, the pipe-claying and brass-

joined and the lot fell upon George.

Their next move, after passing the range of military barracks, was to exchange their uniforms for civilian garb. They agreed to fall upon the first man they met and steal his clothes, so that one of them, at least, might be safe.

They walked fifteen miles and were then arrested by a policeman, who took the humiliated trio back to whence they belonged.

George's chums were court-martialled and sentenced to forty-two days' imprisonment, whilst "Sergeant" George escaped lightly, because his brother, Harry, who was also in the regiment, noticing George's scanty kit, guessed what had happened, and made up the shortage.

At last, George's hard drinking began to require forfeit. Up till this time his magnificent constitution had withstood any serious ill effects, but he was soon in such a state that when warned for guard duty, it was necessary to take him to the hospital instead.

Here he suffered the terrors of Hell whilst in a fit of delirium tremens. He went deaf and blind and his weight was reduced from 160 to 95 pounds. Seven doctors attended him and at one time they despaired of saving his life.

During the weeks he lay hovering on the verge of death he had time for serious reflection. This caused him to make a resolution that not another drop of liquor should pass his lips. Alas, for his ineffective, man-

An all-night vigil

Arrested by a policeman

polishing, became irksome to a man of George's disposition.

He would willingly have forfeited his "shilling," but that was out of the question. Perhaps some in his circumstances would have made the best of a bad job, but George endeavored to make the worst of it!

He became the ring-leader of all plots and plans for devising mischief. After numerous minor escapades, for which he underwent pack-drill and confinement to barracks, he conceived a brilliant plan to replenish the depleted "exchequer." The plan was confided to his two bosom pals. They would pawn their kit! This was an easy matter, but it took an amazingly brief space in which to quaff the price of their kits and with empty pockets came the realization that some embarrassing questions might be asked if they returned to camp minus the Queen's belongings.

As usual, it was left to George to solve the problem, and his audacious suggestion was—desertion! The other two were desperate enough and drunk enough for anything. It was decided that to do the job properly, as well as to avoid detection, one of them should impersonate a "non-com." Three stripes were accordingly pur-

A WAR CRY came into his hands

made resolutions!—before he had been out of hospital two weeks he was again in the "clink" for being drunk and disorderly!

George's next adventures were undergone in the Strait Settlements, whither he was dispatched with his regiment.

Sailing on the S.S. "Himalaya," via the Suez Canal, it took them seventy-five days to reach their destination. Private Stokes' interesting duties during this voyage were those of assistant cook.

It may seem paradoxical that a man should go, unconverted, to a non-Christian land, and there become

converted, but it was so in George Stokes' case. He was invited to a Bible Class, conducted primarily for Chinese and Malays, and in which he and the man who had invited him were the only whites. Conviction seized him. Returning to the barracks about midnight—he slipped away to the jungle nearby and poured out his heart to God. For two hours he prayed and realized in that time that God is indeed "a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

He walked back to the barracks as if on air. In the morning came the real test. Dropping out his knees in the attitude of prayer, he soon became the target for more than cushions. A hard brush hurried through the air, closely followed by a scrubbing brush. He kept on praying, whilst jibes were freely exchanged among the men. "There's another Holy Joe," they shouted in derision, "let the duffer have it," and a shower of their missiles descended on and about—mostly on—poor praying George. But George weathered the storm!

He was glad to find that he was not the only converted man in the regiment. Four others allied themselves with him and they spent many happy and useful hours together.

It was their custom to repair to the jungle, where they would read, ponder, and question one another concerning the Word.

For all this neither George nor his companions thought it sinful to take a glass of beer. Thus it was not long before the cursed stuff again spelled George's ruin. He could not stop at one glass.

Whilst going into the city of Singapore to attend a Church service, he unwisely entered a tavern for "just one glass." Hours afterwards he was hauled out of a ditch by the Sikhs (native police).

The old appetite was revived; once again the fire raged in his brain and the Devil quietened accusing conscience by the bland suggestion that George could stop drinking when he got out of the army.

George Stokes' life might fittingly be labelled from this period: "And the last state of that man is worse than the first." At the conclusion of his period of service George received his discharge.

His home-coming was as sad as his departure. He reached his mother's home as he left it—drunk—and fell on his face on the threshold. Only his broken-hearted mother's sorrow curbed, to any extent, his drunkenness, following his return to civilian life.

He started in the tea-selling business. Needless to say it was not a very successful venture financially! His insatiable thirst for his favorite beverage—which certainly wasn't tea!—caused him to spend as much money as he made.

At this point of his life George Stokes caught a fleeting glimpse of 'The Salvation Army. He was in one

(Continued on page 15)



An all-night vigil

Arrested by a policeman

Shameful home-coming

A WAR CRY came into his hands

He danced for joy

Some Stories of Spiritual Resurrections

As Related by Officers of The Canada East Territory

A Broken-hearted Girl

By ADJUTANT LILY J. WELL,
Women's Metropole, Montreal

I HAD just got into the Metropole one day, after being out on business, when the door bell rang. On opening it I saw a well-dressed young lady who asked to speak to me. I took her into my Office and she burst out crying. I could see she was very young, very fair and pretty.

After a while she told me, amidst her sobs, that she was a trained nurse from the States and was soon to become a mother. It was the old story—promise of marriage, then desertion. She came and begged me to aid and shelter her. I never saw any one so penitent and who felt her shame so much.

Very Much Affected

The very first meeting we had in the Home after her arrival, we sang, "What a Friend we have in Jesus." She was very much affected. She asked permission to stay away from the next meeting, pleading a headache, but she told me afterwards that she sat on the stairs. Again we sang "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

Two months later she entered our Hospital, where the first song the girls sang was "What a Friend." There she gave birth to a little girl. After two weeks she came back to us, and the first Sunday, Mrs. Colomel and I conducted a meeting with our Martin and again lined out "What a Friend." With a broken cry she threw herself at the penitent-form, and got definitely converted. After a little longer stay in the Home she went back to her much-loved work.

In 1924 she wrote: "I find nursing very hard this Summer, but even harder I am tired, I do not have to suffer that agony of soul. When I think of what I suffered last year it makes me sick. I know, Adjutant, you have a very kind interest in me, so I ask you not to worry over me for I am striving to lead a real good life, and with prayer I am confident I shall continue to be so. I try to make little sacrifices and endeavor to be kind. I remember that Mrs. Martin said to me, when she dealt with me at the penitent-form, 'a nurse has such a chance to do good.'"

True to God

Later on she wrote:

"I am quite happy in my soul. I have been a very good girl; and my greatest ambition is to remain true to God. I never, never forgot the night I offered myself to Jesus."

Again she wrote:

"I have been sick for over a year. I suffer greatly at times but I have offered all my sufferings to Jesus. I have thought so many times of your kindness, and especially your trust in me. When every thing went against me, you trusted me, God bless you dear for your trust, it helped me."

This was her last letter. In 1927 I got a letter from her uncle in which he wrote as follows:

"Our dear little Nellie has died after seven months intense suffering. I trust in God she is better off. She had a most lovely, peaceful death, she was so happy and so satisfied with the will of God, and so happy to go to Him at last."

How glad I was that I had helped this dear girl to find the Saviour.

HOW GOD MOVED A STIFF ONTARIO TOWN

By BRIGADIER FRED BLOSS,
Divisional Commander, Toronto East

A FEW years ago I was appointed to re-open — I started my career as an Officer at this place, and I had very pleasant recollections of blessed seasons of the outpouring of the Spirit of God, when some of the worst drunkards of the town were saved and became Soldiers of The Salvation Army. But a period of depression had set in and The Army had closed the Corps.

It was a conservative Scotch town and was well served with good churches and splendid pastors, and, therefore, we were not greatly surprised when the Officers offered their WALK CRY for sale on the Saturday afternoon that the merchants and tradespeople gave them very little encouragement.

The weather was very cold, but with a Soldier who had remained true, four of us stood in the Open-airs with the snow falling, and with song and testimony we declared God's power to save. We were not taken much notice of, and the congregations in the Hall were small; however, at the close of the day we felt we had done our duty.

The two lassie Officers left in charge were splendid girls, and, bidding them good-bye on the Monday and returning to the Divisional Headquarters, I had a feeling that perhaps a mistake had been made in re-opening this place.

My billet had been with a merchant of the town who had a beautiful wife, very capable and an able business woman. They had been excep-

tionally kind in entertaining me, and upon leaving, the husband took me aside and in a rather bashful manner requested that I ask the Corps Officer to pray for his wife. At the same time I could see he was greatly exercised. I told him we would be only too pleased to make her a subject of prayer. Upon further investigation we found that this lady was in the habit of periodically taking to drink, when she would leave her husband for weeks at a time, frequenting the hotels, and would descend to the lowest depths, so disgracing her husband that he would have to close up his business entirely.

She was a member of one of the churches, and the good minister had tried in every way to reform her, but all to no avail. The Corps had not been opened long when this woman broke out on one of her sprees. The Corps Officers then got busy and hunted her up. They had already been praying for her, and after some effort got her to attend the meetings, with the result that God took hold of her and she was gloriously saved. The news spread like wild-fire around the town, old prejudices towards our work disappeared, crowds came and souls were saved.

This dear woman became a faithful Soldier. She returned to her husband, his business was resumed and increased, so that the wife took on another business and they prospered. Needless to say, this comrades' home was always open for visiting Officers.

THE WORST MAN IN TOWN

By STAFF-CAPTAIN GERALDINE HOLLANDE,
Superintendent, Catherine Booth Mothers' Hospital, Montreal

SOME years ago there lived in a small town an elderly man whom practically everybody feared. When children saw him coming in the distance they would walk blocks out of their way, so frightened were they of this desperate character. Nearly every sin that could be mentioned this man had committed. He never spoke but in the roughest manner, using the coarsest of language. His wife and children suffered terribly at his hands. In fact, his wife died when comparatively a young woman as a result of his treatment.

Ministers and priests were entreated to try and help him, for all other means had been unsuccessful, but they, too, were defeated in their attempts to get this man to change his ways. When all human agencies failed, however, God stepped in. One Saturday night, as a small group of Salvationists stood upon the street-corner singing and talking about Jesus, and His power to make folks good, this man, in a drunken stupor, pushed roughly between two of them, and fell on his face upon the ground in the middle of the ring and sobbed out his desire to God. Many standing around moved away, being afraid of him, and imagining that he had just come to disturb things, and in

general make a noise and upset the plans of the Salvationists. But he soon showed real signs of wanting to do better, and this handful of God's people set themselves to help him, and to point him to Jesus, the source of all strength. It was noised about the town that he seemed to want to do better, and it was not long before the crowd who had run away through fear returned with a keen sense of curiosity.

To make a long story short God met with him, and his life from that time was a changed one. As he stood upon the street-corner giving his simple testimony, it had such a true ring about it that many who were living in sin sought the Christ Who had done so much for the most desperate character known in that town. To-day (though he has been dead for years) his influence upon the community for good is spoken of by many of the old-timers, and his conversion is considered one of the most wonderful in their memory.

To those who are discouraged with themselves, I would like to say, after witnessing the power of God in this man's life, that there certainly is no case too hopeless for Jesus. He can save to the uttermost all who will come unto Him.

A STRAYED SHEEP

By ADJUTANT E. L. PETTITT,
Matron, "Hope Hall," Hamilton, Ont.

A YOUNG GIRL, in her teens came to us in her need, and for several months seemed to be little affected by the spiritual influence of the Home. On admission, the girl told her story that she was with-

out relatives or friends, also giving an assumed name.

Before the birth of her child, one Friday evening, after the meeting taken by the League of Mercy members, she became convicted of her sin

A Stagnant Professor

By CAPTAIN HARRY ASHEY,
Rhodes Avenue, Toronto

IT IS a sad fact that many people have merely a profession of salvation without any knowledge of God's power.

Such was the condition of a man living in the city of Toronto. He had been taught the right way as his life and merely came into an Army Band and played an instrument because he liked music. This caused a disturbed life, and although he carried on for years, to use his own words, "he got nowhere."

Some Revival meetings were announced, and the Officer conducting the meeting spoke on "stagnation." This aroused the young man and he knelt at the mercy-seat, where he was heard to mumble, "Oh, God, I've been stagnant too long."

He pleaded with God to make him an overcomer. For sometime he wrestled, but as soon as he yielded to God his tongue was loosened. His eyes became penetrating eyes, corner of the building as he desired the power to overcome. He made vows, and to-day he is an outstanding light in the Corps, dependably ready at all times to witness for God and pray. To fight in the Paper meeting is his greatest delight. A fish for backsliders is his joy.

Oh, what a change was wrought through the power of God and is straight teaching of a Salvation Army Officer.

Saved from Suicide

By ADJUTANT GEO. LUXTON,
Sault Ste. Marie II.

IN ONE of the small towns of Ontario three or four comrades had come into The Army Band from the Open-air. That night the Lieutenant took the lesson. There was one seker at the penitent-form. It was a man, and as he had no job to go that night, the Officers offered to take him to the Quarters. As the Lieutenant and the convert was walking home together the latter said:

"Supposing it was possible in a to go up on an aeroplane at night and look down upon the sin and wickedness of the world, how terrible it would be."

Early next morning the convert, who was sleeping in the same room as the Lieutenant, awoke at the sound of his powerful snoring. He felt in his hand a little bottle of poison. The Lieutenant woke the Captain and they listened to the following story: "I had got discouraged and tired of life and had made up my mind to go out to the bush. A little way out of the town I saw a little white house. I didn't need to say any more. The Officers knew he had meant to take his own life."

He went on to tell how the side of a few Salvationists in the town had led him to God and how he had what was said. Thank God he finished at the penitent-form. The Officers knew he had meant to take his own life.

He gave her heart to God. She made confession regarding her sin and her people, who were notified as to her whereabouts.

After Hospital care she returned to her home with the baby, the nurses freely forgiving the past and helping to find the daughter lost to the world for months. The girl is still doing well and shows every evidence of a change of heart.

An Esquimaux, a Salvationist, and Jesus

By Captain C. O. Butler,
Newfoundland

OOLUK was sick. Strange thoughts were passing through his mind. Was he—son to pass to his fathers? This day of sealing, fishing, and hunting, were they over? Outside the hut the bay was open and great wide spaces of blue water separated long sheets of ice, that were rapidly drifting southwards. His squaw stood by the open door, a great trouble clouding her pale eyes and her only features aniver with the suppressed sorrow that made her expansive bosom heave, as if her holy could no longer contain the burden which she was trying to conceal from the sick man.

A thought, a memory, brought to Ooluk's mind some hope. Did not the Newfoundland fishermen who held a meeting last year, those Sal-De-Vash ones, say that Jesus God was a great medicine man who could kill pain, and that Jesus God was everywhere?

A spasm of intense pain wrung from his lips a fervent prayer that Jesus God might come to Ooluk.

Merrily the "liver" breasted the foam, a favorable and stinging breeze gave the good ship the opportunity to show her sailing qualities, and the crew, with appraising eyes, took note of her

part of the ship. A song from his lips was caught up by the crew, and soon, with rich sea-trained voices, they sang: "For I'm going to that



Ooluk was sick; his squaw stood by the open door

Land that has no storms."

Running into harbor, a native kayak approached the ship as soon as she was anchored and the

every motion as the new ship, making her maiden voyage to the Labrador, registered a good nine knots as she romped northwards. The captain stood at the wheel. With feet wide apart and one hand on the wheel, this gigantic figure seemed

woman occupant of the craft approached the Salvationist skipper, saying simply, but with a world of pathos, "Sal-De-Vash, Ooluk sick."

The skipper accompanied the squaw ashore in his dinghy and soon saw, from long experience of the ill of the coast, that Ooluk must get to hospital and quickly. He at once decided to take him there. Time meant much to our Salvationist and his crew, but saying to himself, to augment his own faith and that of his crew, that it was God's business to look after folks who were doing what Jesus would do, he put back along the coast to Battle Harbor, where there was a hospital.

In a white bed at the hospital Ooluk lay thinking. Where was Jesus God?

A white-robed nurse approached, smiled at Ooluk and beckoned to a visitor to come near his bed. As the skipper approached, she whispered, "He's going fast," and left them alone.

At once the Salvationist, through his long acquaintance with the natives of Labrador, interspersed his simple English with Esquimaux words, and with still more eloquent gestures began to talk of Jesus.

"Oh!" Ooluk whispers, "Jesus God, yes Him." Vividly the skipper portrayed the love of Christ. Eagerly the dying hunter heard, accepted, and realized the love of Christ for Him. Speaking laboriously, he said: "I'm glad you come; nobody else tell me of Jesus."

While the Salvationist sat there a holy influence filled the little ward, filling the heart of both, for Jesus God had come to the Esquimaux, who presently fell asleep in Him. Jesus God had again blessed the skipper's heart with that one benedictory word, "Hias-nuach."

THE MIDGET

(Continued from page 9)

crowd now made a larger crowd than ever.

The new recruit attracted much attention throughout the district, and the rowdiness grew even more violent. Again the police interfered, this time threatening to close the street to any sort of demonstration. We were in a quandary. And then a new thing happened. The fishermen made certain alterations so that his long slab could be moved at pleasure, and thus he was able to throw his open shop into immediate contact with the pavement. It instantly formed a protected stand for speakers, and nothing could prevent people standing before it to hear the message. Many "fish" were caught in that shop on Sunday mornings, while fish of another kind were sold there in the week. Soon one or two other tradesmen moved on Sunday also, and "the Land" became quite a centre of Army life and history in that district.

And there was a sequel. The fishmonger took care of the Midget, and by a strange constraint of affection led to work to realize the desolate fisherman's long-cherished desire—to find his long-lost mother. They had both been wanderers, she in connection with some traveling village fair, and he towards the great City, and thus they lost touch with one another. Perhaps he seldom thought of her in the years of his wanderings, but from the first day of his Salvation he had sought without rest to find his benefactor. He set to work and advertised for her, interested some mission friends in the quest, and communicated with the centres as he felt sure likely to provide information.

And she, too, in nakedness and misery and loneliness, but found. From that hour the Midget seemed a different man, more responsible, more dignified, more capable of work, and more above all things to provide for his mother. At first the fishmonger employed him to set him up for himself, and then he allowed him to work with his earnings. He kept them both in favorable conditions. The mother, hard, vicious, and first unresponsive, was presently softened by the love and tenderness of the Midget, and died in peace. After he also died in the Faith.

CHAINS THAT WERE BROKEN

(Continued from page 13)

of his favorite haunts—a public-house—when the sound of singing and drum-beating fell upon his ear. The game of billiards and the drinks were forgotten and one rushed George with his cronies to see what they could.

It was a handful of Salvationists, who had marched eight miles from the city of Bristol to bombard George's village. It made no effect upon "hard-boiled" George, however, save that he thought they must be made of "good stuff" to come that distance through pouring rain to preach to the villagers.

In the Summer of 1886, George Stokes ventured with his wife and family to Canada, making the journey, even at that early date, in nine days from Liverpool to Perth, Ont. It was not without some hope of turning over a new leaf that he started out. Before leaving, a well-intentioned sister had encouraged him with the statement that it would be easier for him to part company with John Barleycorn in Canada because that good people there were all Christians. But he was soon disillusioned.

THE WAR CRY has been described as a white-winged messenger of Salvation. It was certainly such to poor Stokes; it was an emblem of hope to a despairing, drink-soaked soul.

For the first time in his life a WAR CRY came into his hands. It had been left at the house by some faithful Officer or comrade.

George was led to see his villenness. He wrestled and pleaded with God in an agony of soul, and then read his WAR CRY afresh. In this particular issue the conversion of a great drunkard was chronicled.

One Friday night he announced to his astonished wife that he was going to The Army.

True to his resolve he set out for the Hall, and on the way emptied his pockets of pipe and tobacco and cast them into a hedge by the roadside. His chums were idling about the hotel door as he passed and invited him to join them. But he had already bidden them farewell in spirit and so he resumed his way.

He mounted the steps to the Hall and took a seat near the front. As

the Captain talked, the tears began to stream down the penitent's face. The Captain was speedily by his side and the next moment George was at the mercy-seat.

That night George Stokes' faithful wife cried for joy. The presence of the Holy Spirit rested as a benediction on their home—an atmosphere such as the Stokes' household had never before known.

Bright and early Sunday morning he was on his way to knee-drill and that night—determined that he should miss nothing—he prayed until dawn.

Monday morning the glory had not abated one whit. As he was sitting at breakfast, the windows of Heaven opened and poured out such blessing-showers that he danced for joy.

A visitor was in the house and looked askance at George's antics. "What is the matter with the man?" she asked, "has he gone crazy?" But Mrs. Stokes knew what had happened. "No," she said, "Mr. Stokes has been a wicked sinner, but God has saved him; that's why he is so happy; he is dancing for joy."

Bandsman George Stokes has passed on the altered scene of the more years-and-ten and still he is cheerfully treading the pilgrim way. He does not forget the horrible pit from which he has been brought, nor the One Who lifted him out and set him upon the Rock. Nor has he forgotten the means which God used to effect his cure. It is because of the part THE WAR CRY played in his wonderful deliverance that he has gladly permitted the publication of this abridged account of his life-story, and just as he was led to the Light by a similar story, so he desires that this may be the medium by which some other sin-ridden, defeated soul may find the way to a pardoning, peace-giving God.

The Man who Drew Back

(Continued from page 11)
made the decision I did not find it hard to make a complete surrender and to consecrate my all to Him, and I rose to my feet with a sweet sense of His presence in my heart once more.

So here I am to-day, once more a

SIMON: The Silk Merchant

(Continued from page 10)

"Jews from the parts of Libya about Cyrene," some one said they were.

"I am known unto you all, brethren," the speaker went on, "I am Simon, the silk merchant of Cyrene. You know the shame the Roman soldiers put upon me on the day Jesus died on Calvary, how they compelled me to carry that cross. That was the greatest honor that has ever come to me or that ever will come. They crucified Jesus. I saw him die out yonder at Golgotha, but Jesus lives to-day. He was the Messiah we had all been looking for, yet when he came none of us recognized Him. Yet now if you will but repent God will have mercy upon you."

So Simon went on and many Jews from his own town of Cyrene and the country round about believed on Jesus that day because of his word.

It was long before Simon had completed all of his business and reached his home at Cyrene again. But one evening on the flat roof of a house that looked out over the Mediterranean, Simon, the silk merchant of Cyrene, told Ruth, his wife, and his sons, Rufus and Alexander, of all that had happened to him in Jerusalem, and of Jesus, the Messiah, who had died for them; and they, too, gave themselves to Jesus.

Many years afterwards they left Cyrene and went to Rome, and Rufus and Alexander got to know many of the men who had known Jesus.

Simon, the silk merchant of Cyrene, the man who carried Christ's cross on the first Good Friday, is a man we do well to remember.—W. J. May, in the "Sunday School Times."

humble follower of Christ. I can never open the door I closed against myself so long ago, can never recover the years I have wasted, and I shall go to my grave with regret for my life failure upon me; but I am filled with a sort of sweet amazement at His grace which has forgiven me. My life is His for whatever I have left of life, and I am not without hope that in some way I shall yet be able to do some useful work for Him, and that my mother's prayer that I might be a soul-winner shall not be entirely unanswered.



Momentous Events in The Life of the Master